

MUSEUM.

EXTRACTS FROM KOTZEBUE'S VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD.

January 1st, 1817—Lat. $10^{\circ} 10'$, Long. $189^{\circ} 54'$.—At four o'clock P. M. we descried land in N. N. W. It was a low woody island, the length of which from north to south was three miles, and the breadth three-quarters of a mile. Not knowing of any island about this neighbourhood, I made sure of its being a new discovery, and named it *New-Year's Island*, having first seen it on New-year's Day. On account of the low wind, we could not undertake any farther examination this day; immense numbers of fish played around us; but I saw less birds, from which I concluded that the island was inhabited.

On the 2d, there being a very long reef on the northern part of the island, extending to the N. I steered my course to the S. where no surf was to be seen. When we had approached the S. point within about two miles, we were surprised by seven canoes, each rowed by six or eight men, making straight towards us. Their construction was the same as of those we had seen in Kutusoff Islands, only being much smaller, and put together with very small pieces of board; which indicated a want of timber. They let it in the water very quickly; and, as the natives never leave the island but in perfect calm, the boats have neither masts nor sails. They approached us with much exertion, till within 100 fathoms, where they kept moving their oars but negligently, looking towards the ship with great astonishment. Their behaviour, at the same, was rational; we neither noticed the cries, nor the ridiculous motions usually made by savages, upon their first meeting with Europeans; their attention was engaged by the ship, which they surveyed from the top of the mast to the water. These savages appeared tall and slender; their dark complexion, and their being tattooed every where, except in their faces, made them look quite black at a distance. A high forehead, curved nose, and lively hazel eyes, distinguish the natives of New-Year's Island from those of the other South-sea Islands: their long black hair is rubbed with cocoa-nut oil, tied together on the top of their head, and adorned with flowers and shells; and round the neck they wear ornaments of red shells. Their dresses were of various kinds; some had two fine mats wound round their body, others wore a plaited belt, from which grass-fringe hung down to their feet, and entirely covered them. We particularly noticed the ear-holes being more than three inches in diameter, in which they wore green leaves twisted together. In each boat was a chief, who did not row, but gave orders. He always sat on the side of the boat, cross-legged, upon an elevated part, where he looked very stately. One of these chiefs, a tall, well made man, with a thick beard, seemed to be more tattooed than the rest; he held in his hand a large shell, from which he frequently blew forth very loud and hollow sounds,—for what purpose I could not learn; yet I re-

member to have previously seen these shells on the *Marquesas*, where they are used in war. On our invitation they came nearer, but would not come on board. The trade began to be very brisk; for small pieces of old iron hoops, they willingly gave the most curious articles of their manufactures, and the chief even parted with his beautiful shell-horn for a piece of old iron, which, after having looked at with delight, he concealed in his girdle. They dealt very honestly, and I thought them cheerful and even jocular. Their arms, only consisting of lances, carelessly made, proved that they were no warriors; but their other productions were neater than I have often seen them, and they were remarkably clean in their persons. The island did not seem to be very fertile in provisions, at least these natives had nothing with them except a few pandanus-grains, which they were incessantly chewing. As far as we could judge from the hasty glance we gave at the inhabitants of the *Kutusoff* islands, they seem to be of the same origin.

We found the Latitude in the middle of the island $10^{\circ} 8' 27''$ N., and the Long. $189^{\circ} 4' 46''$ W. Availing ourselves of the calm, I despatched Lieut. Schischmareff and the scientific gentlemen, in two well-armed boats, to effect, if possible, a landing. They returned, after a few hours, without having gained their object, and the lieutenant gave me the following report:

"When the islanders in the boats, near the ship, saw that we were rowing towards their island, they immediately followed us: we approached a spot, which we thought would be convenient for landing; the surf was trifling, and, if the natives had not prevented us, we should have gone on shore. They had collected there in large numbers, armed with lances, with notched points fastened to them; others surrounded us with their boats, which induced me to open the trade on the water, where we then were; they jumped into the sea by crowds, swam to us, and brought us mats, necklaces of shells, coconuts, pandanus-fruit, and fresh water in cocoa-shells; they also offered to exchange their lances with two small bows made of wood, and of which they had formed a weapon, by means of shark's-teeth; they were one foot and a half long, and two inches broad. The number of islanders swimming was still increasing, and the boats formed a complete circle; but, without our suffering one of them to come too near, they became very bold and impudent, and offered us even cocoa-shells with sea-water; an old man would get absolutely into the boat where I was; I tapped his hands, and threatened him with my sword, but he would not desist, till I gave him a blow on his head with my fist, when he swam back to shore. Another old man was about to seize upon the rudder of the *baydare*, which so enraged the helms-man, that he would have fired upon him, had he not been prevented by the gentlemen who were with him; in order to prevent any unpleasant consequences, I preferred returning on board. The island is surrounded by red-coral reefs; on the spot where we stood, the water is not above one foot deep. Near the reef itself it is five fathoms, and farther out, about fifteen feet from shore, we could not find the bottom; it was upon this reef the natives had assembled, which made it impossible to land without danger. We were surrounded by about eighteen boats, none of which held more than six men, several of them only one or two, and all without masts. The number of natives, in the boats and

upon shore, amounted to about 200; we saw but few women, and no children among them. The island is well wooded, and we saw several pandanus-trees, but only few cocoa-trees, and those very low. The natives were all tattooed the same as those who came to the ship; they had also twisted leaves in their ears."

I now changed my plan about sailing to the Kutusoff group, and steered, as I expected, to other islands near the New-Year's Island, S. W., to get again in the parallel 10° , and then to take a westerly course. This parallel, in longitude 189° , is so full of islands in Arrowsmith's chart, that I could not miss them, if only the tenth part of them existed. At sunset we lost sight of New-Year's Island, although we were but a few miles off it, and tacked during the night, to keep the ship on one spot.

On the 23d of January we saw several snipes, but no land; having reached lat $10^{\circ} 2'$, long $189^{\circ} 40'$, I thought it useless to go farther W., convinced that the islands marked on Arrowsmith's chart were not here; and therefore turned the ship S. E. to try my fortune in this direction. At seven o'clock, P. M. we were in lat $9^{\circ} 57'$, seven miles W. of the course-line of last year, without seeing land from the mast-head. We shot a pelican which came close to the ship. In these parts the horizon is seldom clear, appearing always to be covered by a fog.

Jan. 4th; lat $9^{\circ} 43'$, long. $189^{\circ} 53'$.—My intention was to have pursued our present direction only this day, and to have turned our course to S. E. It was almost noon when land was announced. At one o'clock we saw from the fore-castle, at a distance of six miles, a string of small wooded islands, the intervals of which were filled with coral-reefs, extending as far as the eye could reach: I already counted more than twenty; and, pursuing the chain within a distance of two miles, saw the surf breaking itself with fury upon the coral-reefs, and the water beyond the chain as smooth as a mirror. At four o'clock P. M., we reached the W. point of the islands; the group here terminated, but a long reef, projecting just above the water, stretched to the S. W., and then took its direction to S. E. farther than the eye could reach. As soon as we had doubled the W. point, we were under the wind, in perfectly calm water, and approached the reefs within a distance of 200 fathoms, in the hope of finding a passage between them. I knew, from experience, that the depth near coral-reefs is always very considerable, and I was therefore bold enough to overlook the danger; besides, this is the only means of examining them, since at a distance of half a mile the passage would no longer be visible. *D'Entrecasteaux*, who, in surveying the coast of New-Caledonia, expected to find a passage between the reefs, only approached within three miles of them, which prevented him discovering what he sought. This navigation certainly requires the greatest precaution; there must be always a man on the mast-head, a second on the bowsprit, a third on the ship's head, and the pilot, provided with a good telescope, in the scuttle, in order to warn against danger; and Capt. Flinders justly observes of these places, "that a man who has weak nerves should leave such an investigation alone." Mine I felt strong enough to face such a danger, although any sudden shifting wind would have been fatal to us, by throwing us against the rocks. But we were all upon the watch, and the crew ready to lay the vessel round at a moment's

notice. Under such precautions we rapidly continued our course, without perceiving the least opening or curve in the reef. The chain of islands lay on the north of us, at a distance of six miles, and our access to them cut off by the reef, two fathoms wide; beyond it the water was calm, and the depth seemed considerable. As far as we could see, the reef ran to S. E., and at the end of it we descried a small island, higher than the rest, which probably was connected with it. At last we found two passages, through which, although they were rather narrow, we hoped to get with our ship. This discovery, not only of consequence to us but to every navigator, we should not have made, had we not approached the reef within a musket-shot. It was too late to proceed, and we left the dangerous spot for the night.

Jan. 5th; lat. $9^{\circ} 27' 55''$ N., long. $190^{\circ} 11' 30''$.—The current had driven us so far N. W. during the night, that we saw no land till seven o'clock, and at nine we were again upon the spot which we had left the day before. I now despatched the lieutenant to examine the northernmost of the passages, which he found very deep, but thought it impossible to penetrate through it with the ship, the navigable track being seldom above fifty fathoms wide, constantly winding, and the entrance besides so situated that the trade-wind always blew out of it. We now sailed for the second passage, which we reached at noon; and, while Schischmareff examined it with the boat, we took some observations, by which we clearly ascertained the situation of this passage. Schischmareff having happily got through the reef, informed us, by signals, that he had found no bottom at the entrance, but on the spot where he lay it was 100 fathoms, and on the other side of the reef 26 fathoms depth, over a coral ground. The narrowest part of the passage he found 123 fathoms. These islands are very interesting, from their construction, being entirely formed by marine vegetables: and I made up my mind to attempt much more, before I gave up my plan of penetrating between this chain. The night approaching and the wind becoming brisk, we recalled the boat, and fell upon the following expedient, to make sure of keeping for the night on this dangerous, yet important, spot, which I was afraid of losing. Warp-anchors were fixed to the reef; we then brought the *Rurick* within fifty fathoms of it, took in all sails, and fastened her to those anchors by means of a cable 175 fathoms long. As long as the trade-wind kept blowing from N. E., there was no danger; but, had it shifted to S. E., (an event which is very common here,) we should have been irretrievably lost. The reefs principally consist of grey corals, there being very few red among them; at low water the rocks are visible two feet above it, which was the case when we fixed our warp-anchors, but soon every thing was covered with water. At a short distance from it we had forty fathoms depth, but which, a little farther, increased so much that we could find no bottom. On the east side of the strait a small sandy island has been formed, which will in time undoubtedly extend, be covered with plants, and become like the rest of the islands. We were surrounded by a great number of sharks, which greedily swallowed every thing that was thrown overboard; they seemed chiefly to keep themselves near the passage, on account of the many fish that probably swim about there with the regular current. Flying-fish also frequently skimmed the air, probably to escape from their voracious enemies. The boat, which examined the strait, was attacked by sharks,

which could not be repelled by blows with the oars; we caught two of them, which was very easily effected, as they swallowed the hook the moment it was thrown out. At midnight we perceived the strength of the current from the strait was one knot.

On the 6th, at four o'clock in the morning, it being still very dark, the wind shifted to east, and soon afterwards to E. by S., which brought our ship within a short distance of the reef; the depth here was twenty-three fathoms. As it would have required but one blast from the south to break our ship against the rocks, I was compelled to retire from my post, even leaving my anchors behind, which now lay too deep under water. The cable was loosed, the sails hoisted, and we got safe off the reef, but kept tacking in its vicinity. As soon as the sun appeared above the horizon, we made for the channel, finding the wind just blowing from E. to E. by S.; we profited by the moment and entered it with full sails. At nine o'clock, 40 min. we were in the middle of the channel; a dead silence reigned on board, which was only broken by the roaring surf from both sides, and every one was at his post. At last the pilot from the scuttle called out, that there was no more danger, as the water assumed a dark colour. The Rurick now sailed upon perfectly smooth water; we had the surf behind us, and congratulated each other upon the success of the adventure. The current, which in the strait ran two knots, had quickly carried us from every danger, the whole transit lasting only 15'. The passage was named Rurick Strait. We took a straight course, on the 4th, from W. to E., (from which direction I shall always reckon my course;) we saw several columns of smoke, and, by the aid of the glass, also some of the inhabitants. But, notwithstanding our anxiety for getting in contact with the natives of these islands, we sailed but slowly, frequently throwing out the plummet, for fear of getting upon shallows. Immediately after leaving Rurick Strait, we found the depth over a ground of live corals, from 26 to 27 fathoms; on coming near the island, it gradually decreased, and, at a distance of two miles, we found 18 fathoms. The bottom, which in some places consisted of fine coral-sand, induced us to hope that we should find a good anchorage near the island; my lieutenant, who preceded us in a boat, soon signified to us that he had found ten fathoms of depth over fine coral-sand, and we immediately steered our course for it. In the north we had now, at a distance of 200 fathoms, the reef which united the third island with the fourth. At the same distance we were protected in the east from a coral-reef, visible at low water; and we lay in a perfect calm, which, in this place, even the most violent wind did not ruffle. Our prospect was confined in the east by the chain of islands; in the west we saw the reef, round the outside of which we had sailed; in the south we had a clear horizon, as the reef through which we had passed was not even discernible from the mast-head, only the small low island I mentioned before being visible. The geographical situation of this group was yet enveloped in doubt, yet it was natural to suppose that there was some connexion in the north, since no high waves came from that direction. The water on the spot where we lay was so clear, that the bottom could be seen from 10 and 12 fathoms; at the same time we had the most beautiful weather. The naturalists made an excursion upon the third island, from which they returned in the evening with plants and shells. The islands 1, 2, and 3, were found

uninhabited, although traces of people were every where visible. At 3 o'clock, P. M., we saw a boat under sail, coming from the east, which, after having unloaded something on the fourth island, made straight towards us. By the large sail and some clever manœuvres, we perceived that it completely resembled those on the Kutusoff Islands. It approached the Rurick within 50 fathoms, the sail was taken in, and an old man at the helm, probably the commander, showed us some fruit, at the same time speaking aloud, and frequently repeating the word, *Aidara*, which we remembered to have often heard at the New-Year's Island. We failed in getting them nearer the ship, as they always knew how to avoid us by stratagem; they looked with great curiosity at the ship, but paid no regard to us. I sent out a boat to meet them, but, as soon as they saw it, they made off; being overtaken by it at last, they were much terrified, and threw bread-fruit, coconuts, and pandanus into it; but some pieces of iron that were offered to them diminished their fear, and they accepted them willingly; after much conversation, without understanding each other, they made for the fourth island, whither they invited us by signs. This first interview showed that we had to deal with good-natured people. Their manner of tattooing and dressing was the same as in the New-Year's Island, and they are most probably of the same race.

Early on the 7th, I sent out two boats for the anchor we had left on the reef, and which they brought back in the evening. Our new acquaintances contrived to get near us; their heads were adorned with flower garlands, and they were in their best dresses. I sent Messrs. Schischmareff and Chamisso to the fourth island, in order to court the friendship of these people; but, as soon as the old man saw our boat taking that course, he followed, loudly shouting, and we saw the two boats land.

Lieutenant Schischmareff gave me the following account of this excursion:—

"I steered towards the spot which seemed to me convenient for landing, whither the islanders followed me in their boat; on my approach, I saw some people, who had been walking near their huts, flying to the wood on seeing us. I went on shore near one of the huts, and finding it empty I went no farther, but waited for the boat of the natives, who, not being able to land where I had, went a quarter of a mile farther down. I left my people in our boat, and walked up to them alone; six men came out of the canoe, some of the fugitives met them, but soon went away with three of those that had just landed; the three others came to meet me. I could not understand what induced them to go to the wood; whether it was timidity or the plan of an attack; which latter, however, I did not fear, having a brace of pistols with me, and my armed people being at hand; yet, when they came near, I saw that they were unarmed, and were afraid of me. They stopped about twenty paces from me; an old man held something white in his hands, laying upon palm-leaves, and which he seemed to have destined for me, but did not venture to come nearer; however, he broke off a leafy branch from a tree, probably a sign of peace; I did the same, and went up to him; at first the man timidly retired, but at last he handed his present to me, constantly repeating the word *aidara*. I received it, and, although I did not understand the meaning of it, I also repeated *aidara*. I afterwards learnt that it meant

friend. Hereupon the woman who was with him, and probably his wife, presented me a pandanus branch; and the third, a young man of twenty, who had no present prepared for me, handed me his own necklace, which I put round my hat; the old man then took a wreath of flowers from his head, which I put upon mine: this, it seems, encouraged them, and we went together to the huts, where our naturalist joined us, and was also presented with a necklace and flowers. I returned their presents by giving them iron, which afforded them much pleasure; the others from the forest came also, and were likewise presented with iron. We were now surrounded by thirteen islanders, who proved themselves friendly, but somewhat timid; they were all unarmed. The party consisted of a man of about forty years old, two elderly women and one young one, three young men aged twenty, and children from nine to fifteen years old; one, however, was only three years old, and still carried in arms; the old man had a short black beard, and black hair, and wore a small mat round his body; the others had no beard; the young men likewise wore mats, but the children were quite naked. The women were wrapt in mats, from the waist downwards; they were all of rather a dark colour, but thin, of a tender make, and looked clean. The men were painted with several squares of a dark-blue colour, as on New-Year's Island: the women had but few of these marks upon their necks and bosoms; they all wore in their ear-holes twisted leaves; their countenances bore an expression of kindness; and they all formed one family, of which the old man was the chief. Our naturalist gave him some water-melon seeds, and taught him how to sow them. I inquired where they obtained the water which I found they had in cocoa-nut shells; when they understood me, they took me to a place, almost in the centre of the island, where the rain-water, from the more elevated parts, was collected in a trench. We then went to the shore, where we found some large trees had been driven here by the sea, and which resembled oaks. On our return near the cottages, we were invited to that belonging to the chief, consisting of a roof, supported by four poles, under which two mats had been spread, whereon we sat down. A woman prepared a *pandanus-fruit*, by beating it soft with a stone, then the man squeezed the juice into a shell; and, although all this was performed with the hands, it was done cleanly; and, when the chief was going to hand me the juice, and something had fallen in, he took it out, not with his fingers, but with a splinter of wood: during this time our sailor was treated in another hut. We gave the chief two knives, some pieces of iron, and fish-hooks, and invited him to come on board. Thus we had formed a new alliance, and the word *aidara* was frequently interchanged between us. Our new friends accompanied us to the shore, and assisted us in getting our boat back into the water."

The few people whom Schischmareff found upon the Island gives me an idea that they have their settlement in another part. They brought me a white lump, resembling loose chalk; I afterwards understood that it was prepared from a plant, called by the natives, *Mogomuk*, the root of which has the appearance of a small potato, and is, after being dried in the sun, crushed and made into a fine flour; that which is prepared into lumps may be kept a long time, without spoiling. When it is used, some part is broken off the lump, stirred up in

a cocoa-nut shell with water, and boiled till it rises into a thick pap; it is something like our potatoes in taste; the plant grows wild.

On the 8th, we saw the boat of our friends sailing eastward, probably to carry the account of our arrival among their more distant friends. When I went in the afternoon to the island, I found it completely deserted. We had brought six goats, a cock and hen, and several seeds with us, which we intended to have left on the island. We landed opposite the chief's cottage, and then set our animals at liberty; the goats immediately fell to upon the fine grass that grew round the hut; the cock with his hen flew upon the roof of the same, of which the former took possession by loud crowing. I planted some yams near the cottages, and Mr. Chamisso sowed the seeds in different parts, which he thought best for their growth. After some slight examination, we found, that this island, like all the others, consists of the remains of corals. This production grows from the bottom of the sea, and dies as soon as it has reached the surface; from it, is formed, by the permanent depositions of the sea, a grey calcareous stone, which seems to be the base of all the islands, and gradually forms a surface of sand, which in time increases in size; by the seeds* which the sea throws upon it, it is covered with vegetation, and at last, by the falling of the leaves, forms a black, fruitful mould. In some places the island was covered with impenetrable forests, in which the pandanus-tree, which yields a lovely, aromatic smell, was the most frequent; the bread-fruit tree is often seen here, and arrives to an enormous size and height; but the fruit seemed to be out of season. Cocoa-trees are scarce, yet we found some young ones of this kind, which had been but recently planted. Of quadrupeds, we only saw rats of a middling size, and lizards; the former are so bold, that they ran round us without the least fear; we saw no land birds. In a square trench, in a low part of the island, we found clear water of an excellent taste. When we left this spot, to which I had given the name of Goat Island, we saw the goats and the fowls in the places where we had left them.

On the 9th, in the afternoon, having sent on shore for water, I was informed that people had been seen there, who had probably arrived during the night. The mate told me that he had been well received by them. He had seen neither women or children, but a very old man, whom he could not recognise as having seen before. The goats had taken up their abode in a small hut, close to the chief habitation. The natives only cast shy looks upon these animals, and, at every one of their motions, were ready to run away, and they all fled in consternation when an attempt was made to bring one near them. The mate endeavoured to explain to them, that the goats were a present from us, intended for their food, which they seemed at last to understand, as they often repeated the word *aidara*. The fowls they knew; they called the cock, *Kahu*; and the hen, *Lia-Lia-Kahu*. A

* This seed, being enveloped in a strong husk, is of such a condition as to be driven upon the sea for years, without spoiling. It probably comes from the American coast, whence, driven by rivers into the sea, it is finally carried to these islands by the strong current, which, between the tropics, commonly runs from E. to W. To be convinced of the possibility of this, the reader will recollect the Japanese ship, which had been carried by the current, within seventeen months from the coast of Japan to that of California.

piece of cloth which we had left yesterday in the hut was still in the same place; and they were very much pleased, when the mate divided it among them. We thought this a mark of great honesty, but found, on a closer acquaintance with them, that they were arrant thieves, and only acted so conscientiously through fear.

Jan. 10th.—Having resolved to follow the chain of Islands to the east, I despatched Lieut. Schischmareff, early in the morning, in a boat, in order to find out an anchorage that we might be able to reach in one day; for, the wind here generally blowing from the east, and very fresh during the day, great progress cannot be made in that direction. The lieutenant was compelled to return to the ship in the afternoon, owing to a storm. He had gone seven miles, without having found a safe anchorage; although the ground and the depth in many places were qualified for it, yet there was no spot protected from the easterly winds, which toss the ship very much, and expose the cables to the danger of being cut by the coral-rocks. He observed in his progress several coral-banks, which lay to the S. of the chain of Islands; close by the reefs, connecting the islands, the bottom consists of fine sand, but of live coral, opposite the island. On passing Goat Island, he saw several people on the connecting reefs, profiting by the low water in passing from one island to another; all the other islands appeared uninhabited.

On the 11th, as there were difficulties and dangers in advancing with the boat, I resolved to make the attempt with the ship. This day being unfavourable for the undertaking, I remained at anchor. On going to Goat Island in the afternoon, I found one of the goats dead, probably owing to indigestion, occasioned by a change of food. Our anchorage I named Christmas-harbour, because (according to the old style) we spent this festival there.

On the 12th, the wind blew violently from the N. E., and did not appear favourable to my undertaking; nevertheless we were under sail at six o'clock, hoping, that, when the sun rose, we should have fine weather, as was often the case here. We tacked at first to some purpose, but, the wind becoming stronger, and the atmosphere so dark, the land was concealed from us. The top-sails were obliged to be reefed, by which the braces were often snapped, and we lost much time. We should have borne these inconveniences, but, not a single ray of the sun beamed on the objects around us; the watch was at the mast-head, and the mate in the scuttle, and we were surrounded by shallows and coral reefs! In an instant the ship was turned to the wind, and it was high time, for we were just about sailing over a bank, which the gloomy weather had concealed from our view: we had scarcely time to be aware of our dangerous situation, before the sun was again hidden by clouds, and we were in danger again. Most of these banks are just under the surface of the water, extending only a small distance, and rise perpendicular from the ground. In clear weather they are seen at a considerable distance, as every bank appears like a dark spot on the water; but, if it be dull, the whole surface is dark, and the danger is only observed when it is almost too late to avoid it. This was the case with us, for the ship was no sooner on a fresh course, than we discovered another bank; we tacked and retacked, and at last, rain coming on, we were enveloped in darkness, and the frequent blasts of wind snapped our braces again. I

would not proceed farther, my only wish being to bring the ship safe back into harbour. After innumerable tackings between coral banks and shallows, we succeeded in gaining our anchorage again, but in a very exhausted state, having been in a most painful situation for three hours. In this unsuccessful expedition, we advanced seven miles to the east, in which direction we saw land from the mast-head, and therefore supposed that we were in a circle of islands. The unfavourable weather continued on the 13th, one squall following another, some of which were so violent that I was afraid of my cable, but after a heavy fall of rain it became calmer. In the afternoon, I despatched a boat to Goat Island to procure water, which was done daily, in order to preserve the stock we had brought from the Sandwich Islands; rain-water not being fit to preserve, as it becomes fetid after six days. In the mean time, we saw a boat coming from the east, and landing on Goat Island, and the mate informed me he had seen people there, who had received him kindly, where even some women endeavoured to amuse him with dancing and singing.

On the morning of the 14th, we again saw a boat coming from the east, and landing on Goat Island; it was the second of the kind, and I now hoped for a certainty that the real abode of these savages was in the eastern part of the group. The mate whom I had sent to the island informed me, on his return, that he had found strange islanders, who had treated him with boiled fish and baked bread-fruit, and that the women also amused him with dancing and singing. The goats were still an object of terror to the natives, and to-day they were particularly frightened by one of them: when the mate went to the huts, the chief presented him with a nosegay, as a sign of peace; at the same time one of the goats ran towards his travelling companion, and in passing by tore the nosegay from the hand of the islander, so quick, as to strike him with his horns; accordingly, he and all his companions ran away, and the mate had great difficulty in bringing them back to their huts, after having driven the goats among the bushes.

The weather being very favourable to-day for our enterprise, I left the ship at two o'clock in the afternoon, with two armed boats, accompanied by the scientific gentlemen and Lieut. Schischmareff. There were in all nineteen men, and we had provided ourselves with provisions for five days. At three o'clock, P. M. we reached the fifth island, where I resolved to pass the night. We happened to land when the water was at the highest, and could therefore conveniently get the boats into a channel which runs between the fifth and sixth island. This island is only half a mile in circumference. The interior of it consists of large dead masses of coral, covered with only two inches of mould, while that on Goat Island in some places is as much as three feet deep. This difference proves that the small island has been formed much later; and on the whole chain we afterwards found the observation confirmed, that the small islands, in comparison with the larger, are much more barren, the vegetation being very poor, as they are yet in want of mould, which is only formed, in the course of time, by the falling and rotting of the leaves. The place on which I stood filled me with awe, and I adored the omnipotence of God, who gave even to these corals the power of producing such miracles. My ideas became confused, when I thought of the time which must

elapse before such an island, rising from the immeasurable depth of the ocean, becomes visible above the surface! Hereafter they will take another form; all these islands will unite, and present a circular tract of land, with a lake in the centre; and this form will also again be changed; for these productions, continuing to grow till they reach the surface, the water will disappear, and only one large island will be visible.

I also visited a sixth island, where at low water I could go dry footed, and found it similar to the fifth; the surf breaks on the banks which are exposed to the sea, with some violence; the foam rises several fathoms into the air; and large pieces of coral, probably broken off from the reefs by the waves, lie scattered about the land; a number of muscels of various sorts, as well as pieces of coral, cover the shore. After having in vain looked about for a bird, which deserved a place in our collection, I returned back to our encampment. Our naturalists returned with a number of rare corals and maritime animals, and we listened attentively to their information, till we were disturbed by the rats and lizards which stole our biscuit. The gentlemen maintained that these rats and lizards did not differ from those in Europe: the question was put, where they came from? and this could only be answered by the wrecking of some vessel upon these islands. The same question was asked when we were annoyed by the common flies. We saw a species of shell-crab, which always carries its shell with it, creeping about the trees. Thus the evening approached, and our supper, which consisted of English patent meat, filled us with gratitude to the ingenious inventor.

During the night we kept a fire burning, and two sentinels with loaded muskets, were placed at the sides of the encampment; besides this, we lay in our clothes, keeping our arms in readiness. Although these measures were almost unnecessary among such a kind hearted people, I would not deviate from my original custom of using always the greatest precaution. The next morning, having been obliged to wait for the same height of water to float our boats, we were just on the point of starting, when we saw two boats coming towards us from the east. I resolved to wait for them, made the men keep themselves in readiness, and stood myself, with Schischmareff and the naturalists, unarmed, near the shore. Both soon anchored at a short distance, and the skill with which they brought their canoes under the wind, and took in their sails, proved that they were old seamen. Their sails consisted of fine matting, and had such an ingenious cut, that they must catch even the sharpest side-wind. One boat, in which we counted twenty-five men, was thirty feet long, had a small cabin on the *balancier*, and a quantity of ropes hung down from a very high mast. After having finished their work with a great noise, four men jumped into the water and swam towards us. One of them took the lead with a large shell-horn; the others followed with cocoa-nuts and pandanus fruit, whilst those in the boats awaited silently the result of their embassy, which advanced with great assurance. The leader, with his shell-horn, distinguished himself to advantage, by his whole demeanour; he was a tall, slender man, about thirty years old; his black hair, neatly tied together on his head, was adorned with a wreath of white flowers, in the form of a crown; round the neck hung many ornaments of various colours; he was also differently, and

more tattooed, which gave him the appearance of a man in armour; his countenance, animated by expressive eyes, was adorned by small mustachios and a pointed beard. Astonishment, fear, and curiosity, were visible in his countenance; but, conquering himself, he advanced with a majestic step towards me, and presented me, with the repeated exclamation *aidara*, with his shell-horn, which, as I afterwards learned, is used by the chief in war, and only delivered to his conqueror, and which they considered us, probably taking us for superior beings. His companions laid the fruit at my feet, looked at us with constrained friendliness, and trembling at the same time, particularly one, who seemed to be in convulsions. We endeavoured to encourage the embassy, and they seemed to be much surprised at our friendly behaviour. I had a red cloth spread out on the shore, upon which I invited the chief to sit down, seating myself by his side, whilst the others stood round us. He seated himself with great dignity, in the Asiatic manner, became more and more lively, and put many questions, at times pointing to the sea, to the sun, and sky. I at last understood that he wished to know whether we came from the sea or from heaven; and, when I made him comprehend that I did not understand his language, he became angry with himself, and spoke louder and quicker, while his eyes wandered from one object to the other, without however interrupting his conversation. If any thing particularly pleased him, he could not withstand the temptation of laying hold of it, and inquiring its use, and, when he understood it, he expressed his astonishment by a long extended O—h! His companions, who uttered no sound besides, repeated it, and the third echo of the long Oh! came from the canoes. He always called out aloud to them what he had seen; Oh was repeated, and the conversation recommenced, till a new object attracted his attention. Among other things he seized a tin box, which he examined inquisitively on all sides, and when I opened the lid he started back with his long Oh! He immediately told the people in the boat the wonderful event, and when I opened several boxes, he was quite dumb with astonishment, and there was no end to the monotonous exclamation. I shall call this man *Rarick*, as he was so called by his companions. After having conversed some time with the amiable *Rarick*, and he had forced upon me strings of shells and several other neat productions, I sent for some knives, scissors, and iron, from the boats; and they had scarcely perceived the latter, consisting of pieces of old iron hoops, than they again expressed their astonishment by a loud Oh! and the desire of possessing this treasure was visible in their fierce looks. *Möll! möll!* (so they called the iron,) sounded from every mouth; a terrible noise proceeded from the canoes; and six men, who could not resist the attraction, sprang into the water and joined us, to look at the iron, the use of which they seemed to be aware of; and I afterwards found several pieces among them, which they had probably obtained from some wreck. I have even seen some beams among them, which seemed to be American timber. I gave *Rarick* some pieces of iron, a knife, and some scissors; he took the treasure with both hands, pressed it to his heart, and seemed to be at a loss to think how he came into the possession of so much wealth, which the others almost devoured with their looks. When it was their turn, their envious countenances cleared up; the shouts were dreadful; they jumped

about with the iron like madmen, and cried *möll! möll!* Their comrades in the boats became uneasy, some ventured on shore, and, when they too received presents, the noise commenced anew. Now the alliance was formed, the savages became more and more friendly and jocular, and embraced us frequently. I made Rarick understand that I was going to the east, in which direction I supposed he lived; he understood me, and went readily into my boat: we started, Rarick sat by my side, and the savages brought their canoes under sail with great celerity, and began to tack, as their boats were not made for rowing. When we were obliged to keep at a little distance to be out of their way, Rarick lost courage, and thought it rather dangerous to be alone with us. His fear was visible in his motions, notwithstanding all his endeavours to conceal it. Something was frequently bawled to him from the canoes; the conversation between him and his subjects became more and more lively, his fear increased with every stroke of the oars; we endeavoured in vain to calm him, but, before we were aware of it, he was in the water with all his treasures, and swam quickly to his canoe, into which he leaped, and suddenly turned towards Goat Island. They probably had heard of the wonderful animals there, and were going to see them; my mate met them there, they looked with great astonishment at the goats, ran away terrified when one of them began to frisk, and then laughed at each other's fear. Our companions left us at three o'clock, and we made haste to reach the ninth island before sunset, which we accomplished at seven; and I resolved to stay there for the night, my men being exhausted by rowing against the wind. We were now five miles from the vessel; I saw the sea still open in the east. We crossed the island in all directions without finding any people, who seemed to have just left their huts. In the middle of the island stood a house exactly like those in Goat Island, only considerably larger, and had the form of a Chinese temple; a square roof, neatly made of reeds pointed at the top, rested upon four columns, five feet from the ground, forming a shelter from the sun, while the cool breeze blew through the columns; the ground was paved with coral stones, the internal space from the top of the roof down to the columns was separated by a pretty lattice-work, in the middle of which was a square opening, large enough to creep through. The rats have undoubtedly induced the inhabitants to build their houses upon columns, for I perceived that their pantry was within the lattice-work, where the rats could not gain access, owing to the smooth pillars. Their sleeping houses are built on the ground, and consist only of a roof with two entrances: their day houses are large enough to contain from twenty to thirty people. The house that we visited was fitted with various utensils; fishing-nets, fish-hooks, lines, vessels made of cocoa-shells, &c. lay in strange confusion. It stood in the centre of a grass-plot, surrounded and shaded by bread-fruit trees, which grew so close together that the house could only be reached by a narrow path. This island seemed to be older than Goat Island, which we concluded from the luxuriant vegetation and the deep mould. Large cocoa-nut trees were also scarce here, but we saw young trees of that kind every where, just planted; by which it seemed as if these islands were only lately inhabited. We encamped upon the shore. The nights here are very beautiful, and are preferable to other warm countries on account of no dew

falling, occasioned by there being no evaporation from the coral islands. We could sleep quietly and without fear under the bright sky, refreshed and cooled by the gentle trade-wind, which, uninterrupted by any high island, blew upon us. After supper we laid down on our turf-beds, with the blue sky for our canopy; the sentinels were placed as on the preceding night, and we were only attacked by the rats.

On the 16th of January we were on our voyage as early as six o'clock; we found an anchorage near the ninth island, yet not so comfortable as our Christmas Harbour. It was noon before we reached the thirteenth island, having advanced four miles since the morning: here we rested for some hours. The island was only one mile in circumference, and was uninhabited, at least we could not see any traces of huts or water cisterns. From this place a reef extends to the south, which forms on the south-west side a small harbour, protected against the east. We climbed up a tolerably high tree and saw land in the south-east, by which my supposition that we were in a circle, was confirmed. In N. E., within a mile and a half of us, lay a small island, which seemed to be higher than any we had hitherto seen. After we had dined, the sentinels announced three people coming from the west, along the reef; the low water allowed them this promenade; and, although the water in some parts is so deep that they must swim through it, the natives frequent this way with as much security as we should our high roads. I recognised through the glass Rarick and his companions, and they soon appeared among us, unarmed, and much pleased to see us again. My friend was very talkative, by which we gradually acquired a list of expressions, which we recorded when we thought we understood them; thus we learnt that a man was called *mamuan*, a woman *redgini*, a chief is called *tamon*, and such was Rarick of the whole cluster of islands. He now pressed me with great anxiety, and no one could comprehend what he wished to know; at last he named all his companions, next himself, and, as he was then looking at me inquisitively, we understood he wished to know my name. He was very glad when he found that he was understood, called himself by my name, and myself by his, endeavouring at the same time to learn whether I approved of the exchange. Knowing that it was the custom in the South-Sea islands to exchange names at the formation of friendship, I willingly accepted his offer; so that I was called Rarick, and he, as he could not pronounce my name otherwise, *Totabu*. Totabu's companions, in the mean time, exchanged names with the naturalists, and our connexion was afterwards greatly strengthened. Totabu's learned questions began anew: my gun, the use of which I did not venture to show him, occupied him some time; our clothes were to him objects of unceasing curiosity; and our shoes excited immoderate laughter, particularly as one of them, on the first attempt to walk with them, measured his length on the ground. But their Oh's became extremely long and frequent when I took off my jacket, and they discovered my arm was white. All the treasures I had given to Rarick the day before, he carried with him, well wrapped up in pandanus leaves, sometimes taking them out to look at them, and to cut something quickly with the scissors, but he soon concealed them again in his girdle. A small looking-glass he always kept in his hand; he constantly looked in it; and his companions, whom he now and then al-

lowed to peep, tried to catch their reflection, which afforded them no small amusement. In the mean time Rarick's boats landed near our island: he begged I would accompany him to his home, pointing to the east, and we agreed that he should sail before us, and we would follow him in our boats. We started at four o'clock, taking our course towards the island in the N. E. which I resolved to examine on account of its remarkable height. We reached it in an hour, but could not for a long time find any landing-place, it being surrounded by reefs, and, in order to satisfy our curiosity, we were obliged to wade through the water up to our knees. The island, about as large as the one I had just left, had scarcely any mould, but was covered with enormous masses of coral, which rose irregularly one above another, and seemed to have been thrown there violently, which might have been occasioned by a storm from the north. Notwithstanding the small quantity of earth, trees, equalling our oldest oaks in height and bulk, grew between the coral. A great quantity of the species of the sea-gull, which build upon the trees, made a terrible noise on our approach. Having found some very good anchorages near this island, I altered my intention of visiting Rarick; I hoped to penetrate with the Rurick to the end of the chain, and, in order to lose no time, I immediately set out to return, after having named the island Bird Island. A long reef extended from it to N. E., at the end of which we descried land; we had seen but few coral banks in our excursion. We reached the ship in the evening.

Observations made in Christmas Harbour.

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|---|---------------|
| Latitude of our anchorage, the mean of daily observations | 9° 32' 36" N. |
| Longitude from distances between moon and sun, the mean of a great number of observations, made on several days | 190 6 50 W. |
| Variation of the needle | 11 0 0 E. |
| Dip of the needle | 17 55 0 |

On the 6th of January, the day when we reached the anchorage, our chronometers gave the following longitude, corrected from the last lunar observations.

| | |
|--------------------------------|-----------------|
| Baraud's chronometer | 190° 13' 30" W. |
| Hardy's chronometer | 190 6 48 |

The longitude of Christmas Harbour has been determined by Baraud's chronometer, which only differs seven miles; this improvement I afterwards made on sketching the chart.

On the 18th we weighed anchor with a N. N. E. wind, and at noon, after some difficulty, we reached Bird Island. The greatest depth which we found on approaching the centre of the circle was 31 fathoms; the bottom consisted of live corals, small pieces of which were brought up with the plummet; near a reef the depth was between ten and twelve fathoms, and the bottom consisted of fine coral sand. At four o'clock P. M. we reached the seventeenth island, which forms the north point of the whole group, and cast anchor at three-quarters of a mile from it, in fifteen fathoms, in fine coral sand. There we rode as securely as in the finest harbour, the ship being entirely protected from north to east, and the water as smooth as a mirror. We now over-

looked the whole of the east part of the group, consisting of small islands lying together, which, from the seventh, took its direction to south-east. The seventeenth island, rather larger than Goat Island, is covered with a luxuriant verdure, and large trees, among which we particularly noticed several cocoa-nut trees. We saw several huts; people walking on the shore, were astonished at the large ship; boats sailed for south-east, others came from thence, and it seemed that we were only now in the inhabited part of the island. We were visited by some natives in a sailing boat, and one of *Rarick's* companions gave me some cocoa-nuts, while he repeatedly exclaimed, *Rarick! Totabu! Aidara!* We gave him some iron, but nothing could induce him, or any of his companions, to come on board. The naturalists went off in a boat to the island, and the savages sailed off at the same time with them. The distance from Christmas-harbour to this spot, in a straight line, is twenty miles. Our naturalists, who returned in the evening, were very much pleased with the reception they had met with from the natives. They had seen only thirty of them; and an old man, whom they supposed to be a chief, treated Mr. Chamisso with a composition made of pandanus and bread-fruit, of an agreeable taste.

On inquiring after *Rarick*, they pointed towards the S. E. and told us that the seventeenth island was called *Ormed*, and an island in general, *Enns*.

On the 19th, our friends from Goat Island arrived here, but would not approach the ship within twenty fathoms; after having shown us some cocoa-nuts, they sailed towards the island, which was rather singular, as we had treated them with so much kindness. They looked at the ship with great astonishment, talking and gesticulating vehemently, frequently calling out *Ellip Oa!* (large boat). I have noticed that the natives of this group are advantageously distinguished from the Easter and Penrhyn's Islands, by their calm reflection and consideration, qualities which are by no means attached to the latter. In the afternoon I went on shore; our friend from Goat Island had already announced me as the *Tamon Oa Ellip* (commander of the large boat), and they all hastened to the shore to welcome me; a very old man, with a long grey beard, whom I recognised as the chief, said, *Aidara*; he presented me with some cocoa-nuts, and made me enter his hut, where we sat down upon mats, spread out between the four columns. The rest of the men, and some very pretty women, with infants in their arms, formed a circle round me; and all looked at me with silent astonishment; but this silence was suddenly interrupted; panic-struck, they all ran off with loud screams, except the old man, who, tremblingly, kept hold of my arm; the whole confusion was created by a dog, which had followed me from the coast of Chili, and had got into the boat unnoticed. In order to get at me, he was obliged to jump over the shoulders of one of the natives, whose unexpected appearance created this ludicrous scene, which became yet more laughable, when the animal, which was at other times very timid, encouraged by the cowardice of his antagonists, began to bark at them, which drove them up the trees, upon which they climbed with the dexterity of monkeys. I had great difficulty in persuading the old man of the harmlessness of the creature, and, when I had at last succeeded, he called back his subjects, who gradually came, sneaking, and still keeping a jealous eye upon their foe, whose least motion threw

them into convulsions. As they know here no other quadruped than rats, which they call *Didirick*, they called the dog, *Didirick Ellip*. It was only after I sent their tormentor to the boat, that their countenances cleared up again, and the old man presented me with cocoa-nuts, and a cake made of pandanus juice, and which they call *Magan*. I now produced my presents; a large hatchet and two knives particularly enraptured the old man, having never seen so large a piece of iron, but, when I split a piece of wood with it, the whole circle exclaimed Oh! As they chiefly employ themselves in building boats, for which they have no instruments but coral stones and shells, some idea may be formed of the value they attached to a hatchet. If the men were gratified with knives, the women were still more so with beads and looking-glasses. After having sufficiently admired their treasures, their curiosity was turned to me, but only the old man attempted to touch me. He spoke to his subjects at some length, and they listened to him with gaping mouths; they made me strip my arm, which they touched, to convince themselves that the white skin was not some sort of cloth. I perceived for the first time a sort of modesty among the women, which is quite different from the conduct of the other South Sea islanders. In vain the men tried to persuade them to touch my arm, they refused it with much grace. This natural modesty of the women, I had afterwards frequent occasion to admire. When I put my watch to the old man's ear, the ticking of it made him start back with terror; they all listened, were much pleased with the gold, and the motion of the second-hand astonished them greatly; but, when I made the watch repeat, they became almost afraid of my sorcery; they went aside, talking very seriously upon the matter, till I encouraged them again by some presents. It was then their turn to make me presents; the women gave me neat rows of shell, which they took off their heads and placed upon mine, the men took off their necklaces, made with great ingenuity of red coral; the old man gave me a pretty mat, making me understand that I should sleep upon it; and at last both men and women began a song, which, being addressed to me, was probably meant to express their gratitude. In a walk which I took through the island, several of the people accompanied me, and one walked before to show me the best way. I was unarmed, for, among these kind children of nature, who, to amuse me, went playing and dancing before me, I was perfectly safe. The island seemed to be older than all the others which I had hitherto seen; I saw pandanus and bread-fruit trees of an uncommon height and size, but the cocoa-nut tree was scarce, and those for the most part recently planted. Near the houses I perceived a plant with beautiful blossoms, which they only cultivate for the purpose of adorning themselves with its flowers, a trait which shows that these savages have made a great step towards civilization, and that, by reasonable Europeans, they might be brought to the most polished state. On passing by a cocoa-nut tree, I perceived a stone tied to one of its branches; and, when I asked my attendant what it meant, he told me, *tabui*, at the same time giving me to understand, that the fruit must not be eaten. The word *tabui* is very similar to the *tabu* (taboo) of the other South Sea islanders, and seems also to have the same meaning, but I never heard it again afterwards: it would also be worthy of remark, if we could find words here, which, by their simila-

rity, could prove that the natives of these islands came here from the east; but, from all the words which we had hitherto noted down, we could not find one that led to this conclusion, except the above-mentioned. Near the shore we saw a plain tomb, forming a square, built of coral stone: it seemed to me that the natives were not permitted to enter it, and I afterwards learnt that the chiefs are buried there, and all other corpses are thrown into the sea. In the evening I parted with my friends, who accompanied me to the boat, where they saw a musket, of which they wished to know the use; I gave them to understand that it made a loud report, when they thought it was used like their shell-horn. The old man gave me some more cocoa-nuts, calling out *aidara*.

On the 20th, we were under sail early in the morning; a fresh N. N. E. wind favouring the S. E. course, parallel with the chain of islands.

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|---|---------------|
| We found the breadth of our anchorage | 9° 33' 16" N. |
| Longitude of the chronometer | 189 49 2 W. |
| Deviation of the needle | 12 14 0 E. |

After having sailed rapidly for one hour, without any interruption from coral reefs, we descried in the S. E. an island, much more extensive than either of the others. I steered my course towards it, and my hope of being within a circle increased, when I also discovered land in the S. At nine o'clock I dropped anchor, at a quarter of a mile from the large island, in eight fathoms, over fine sand, and we lay here in an excellent harbour, and in perfectly calm water. A boat, which started from Ormed with us, we found to our astonishment, had sailed as fast as the *Rurick*. I sent Mr. Chamisso on shore, to learn whether this was *Rarick's* residence. He returned within an hour, informing me that *Rarick* was here, and would come to see me shortly; also that he had not found any thing that announced the abode of a great chief; every thing resembled Ormed; even the population was small, only amounting in the whole to sixty inhabitants. In the afternoon a boat pushed from the island, and we soon recognised *Rarick*, who called out—*aidara!* from a great distance. He was most splendidly adorned with rows of shells and flower-wreaths, with various ornaments about the neck, and his body wrapped up in matting. He went on board without hesitation, followed by a few of his companions, who took courage from his example. Their amazement on first stepping upon deck baffles all description, and they would not have advanced a pace farther, if I had not taken *Rarick* by the arm, and led him forward. At last he recovered from his astonishment, and showed himself more dexterous, inquisitive, and childish, than ever. He jumped from one object to another, felt it with both his hands, asked its use, but never waited for an answer, immediately laying hold of something else; there were too many things that drew forth his attention; curiosity and fear alternately changed on his countenance, he jumped about the deck like a madman, first laughing, and then denoting his surprise by heartily exclaiming *Oh!* but, when any thing struck him in a peculiar manner, he cried *Errio!* *Errio!* (a word which I have often heard upon such occasions.) His attendants also took great interest in the objects around them, but did not dare be so loud in the presence of their chief. By a fault of mine

I had almost frightened away my friends: we had two live pigs remaining, which I intended to leave on the island—in order to learn whether they knew these animals, I had them brought out; but this created dreadful confusion, as they no sooner came forth, than they made a dreadful noise. My guests were terribly afraid, *Rarick* took fast hold of me, trembling all over, and screaming louder than the pigs, which I quickly ordered to be taken away again. Our islanders, however, had lost their spirits for the day, and even my presents could not completely restore them. I invited *Rarick* to come into the cabin, but he prudently despatched one of his attendants before him, who obliged him with evident fear, and walked slowly down stairs; but they had scarcely entered when they evinced great surprise at the quantity of shining articles; and, covering their faces with both hands, they exclaimed *Errio! Errio!* A gaze into the looking-glasses at first terrified them very much; struck dumb with astonishment, they looked at each other, and then at the glass; but, when they had recognised themselves in it, they embraced each other, made the most ridiculous grimaces, and laughed immoderately. *Rarick*, hearing this above, could no longer resist; with one leap he was with us, and his shouts soon surpassed all bounds. They looked like wild children, although the grey beard of one of them betrayed his old age: I have often made the observation, that old age here does not supersede their childish mirth; some who could hardly stir from age, took a lively share in every thing with a youthful spirit, and I never saw them dissatisfied. Probably it is the fine climate, and their living only upon vegetable food, which has this singular effect upon them, and the latter may also be the cause of their tall and slender make. Their bones are like those of women; their hands and feet diminutively small. They have little exertion, their only occupation being boat-building; the boats are long and narrow, and lie deep, which enables them to sail against the wind; the sails and ropes are very cleverly made by the women, of the bark of the cocoa-tree. The people are gentle and timid, but they seem sometimes to carry on war, since they are in possession of lances, which are badly made of wood, with hooks or shark's teeth at the top, with which they may certainly inflict severe wounds. Returning upon deck, we found some more islanders, who had come in the interim, and who were told much by their companions. I again made presents to all of them, and *Rarick* was so much pleased with a red apron which I tied round his waist, that he immediately sent for a quantity of cocoa-nuts from the boat, and presented them to me. I accompanied him on shore in his own boat, while the naturalists followed us in ours. *Rarick* took us to his house, which was only distinguished from the others by being more capacious, and treated us with a beverage made of pandanus-juice, of a sweet aromatic taste. Going to a place where they were building a canoe, I saw a piece of iron, four inches long and two broad, which they used as a hatchet, and which had not been given them by us. On inquiry, they explained, that a large beam had been drifted to the island from N. E. that had an iron hoop round it, which they took off, broke in pieces, and divided it among themselves. The keel of the new boat, which had been scooped out with great labour, with this piece of iron, was laid, and they must require at least a whole year to build a boat twenty feet long. The keel is usually made of the bread-fruit tree, and they would build the whole boat from it, if the fruit of

it did not form part of their sustenance; as it is, they must contrive with drifted wood, which is brought hither from the east, either from some distant islands, or from the coast of America, and which is sometimes very difficult to work. Not being able to make long deals with their bad tools, they use for the external lining of the boat small pieces of board, which they fix together by means of cocoa-lines. These boats look at first sight old and patched, but they stop up every hole and crevice so carefully, that very little water can penetrate; perhaps they will make them better in future, by the assistance of the axe and hatchet which I gave them, as I taught them the use of those tools. *Rarick* and some islanders accompanied me on a walk through the island, which was five miles and a half in circumference. The mould was beautiful, and in some places had even formed small hillocks. Bread-fruit and pandanus trees are very numerous, and the latter have a peculiar appearance, the naked roots standing some feet above the ground, and making the tree look as if it was raised upon feet. On our return, we passed by a hut, where I was struck with the appearance of a woman, who seemed a hundred years old, and parched and withered like a mummy; she was bent with age, which had not affected her tongue, for her loquacity was unbounded; at the same time her toothless mouth seemed to abound with wit, as my companions laughed very much. We saw several children, which made the thinness of the population still more surprising, and, like the recent plantation of cocoa-nut trees, seemed to indicate a new settlement of people on these islands. I was particularly pleased with the demeanour of one of my companions, an aged man, who seemed to possess much sound sense. *Lagediack* was the name of my new friend and tutor, for I had really learned more words from him in one hour, than from others for several days; I learned from him that the name of this island was *Otdia*, and that the whole group was named after it. I found it every day easier to understand the language of these people, as it had no copulative terms whatever. I invited my friend to come and see me the next day on board, by pronouncing the following words, *Ildiu, Lagediack, Wædack, Oa* (to-morrow *Lagediack* come ship); he understood me perfectly, answering *Inga* (yes), and embraced me with additional fervour, because I understood his language. I resolved to stay some weeks in *Otdia*, partly with the intent of visiting the southern group of the islands with boats, and partly in order to get acquainted with the language and customs of this remarkable people. I had no reason to regret this resolution, as by it I was afterwards enabled to make further discoveries.

On the 21st, in the afternoon, I was visited by two boats, in one of which was *Rarick*, with his suite, and in the other the chief of *Egmedio*, a small island, south of *Otdia*, distinguished by a grove of old cocoa-nut trees, situated in the centre of the island, and overtopping all the others. This, the high Bird island, and another south of our anchorage, are the three main points that present themselves to the eye of the navigator, on arriving near the eastern part of the cluster.

Rarick now introduced to me the chief of *Egmedio*, named *Langin*; he was a man about thirty-six years old, of the middling size, and very spare; his whole body was tattooed, his dress neat, his conduct modest, and he was excessively timid. My friend *Lagediack* came with *Rarick*, and the latter was now bold enough to suffer himself to

be led to the place where the pigs were kept, in order that he might look at them more attentively; yet at the least grunt he was ready to fly off. Langin climbed up the mast, from which elevation he looked down upon them. They had courage to play with my little dog, but, when he barked at them, all friendship was at an end, and in an instant my guests climbed the rope ladders; they could never afterwards be reconciled to his sportiveness, and were better pleased by a dog which I had bought in Behring Strait, of the breed used for drawing sledges in Kamtschatka; his skin resembled that of the ice-bear; born in a cold country, he could not bear the heat of this hot climate, and soon died in convulsions. After the savages had satisfied themselves with looking at the objects of luxury, their attention was attracted by the iron; a cannon or an anchor appeared to them an immense treasure, which they examined with loud cries of *Möll! Möll!* I endeavoured to learn from Lagediack, whether he knew any other cluster of islands besides this; he at last understood me, and exclaimed, pointing to the south, *inga eni cef-cef* (yes, islands there). I immediately ordered the compass to be fitted up, round which they all assembled; Lagediack, in particular, soon found out, that, when the case was turned, the needle constantly kept pointing to north and south, and wished to know how this was effected; I was at a loss to answer this question (even if I had been perfect master of his language), upon which I yet required information myself. He, however, turned the case, till the needle pointed to south-west, the direction where the islands lay, which I immediately noted down upon the slate. Writing was again an object of great astonishment to them; I explained to Lagediack that every thing we spoke might be written down, wrote down his name, and said, that is Lagediack; he was terrified to see himself represented by such strange characters, and seemed to apprehend that he might, by some enchantment, be changed into those shapes; the others laughed at the funny Lagediack on the slate. I soon relieved him from his painful situation by rubbing out his name; he embraced me with gratitude, and begged me to write Langin; but the latter, who had all the time been looking at my sorcery at a distance only, ran screaming loudly to the other side of the ship, where he concealed himself, while his companions laughed at him, and I finished the sorcery for the day. I made Lagediack understand that I wished him to draw the group of islands of Otdia upon the slate; he took the pencil and drew it in a circular form, making, under the wind of them, five passages, which he called *tier*; he then turned the diopters of the compass to the island in south-west, saying, *ef, ef, ruo tier* (there, two passages). He now drew the other group of islands, which he named *Eregup*, and marked them as a circle of seventeen islands, with a passage under the wind; then pointing to the east, he gave me to understand that, by sailing from hence at sunrise, one might arrive there at sunset. He farther told me that on *Eregup* were to be found bread-fruit (*mia*), pandanus (*bob*), and cocoanuts (*ni*); but, he said, the population only consisted of one old man with three wives. When my guests left the ship, I gave Lagediack a hatchet, but Rarick almost seemed to envy him. Some of our gentlemen exchanged their names; Langin called himself after Lieutenant Schischmareff, Timaro; and Chamisso's friend called himself Ta-

misso; this being the only way in which they could pronounce these names.

With an intention of forming a garden on Otdia, and sowing some of the seeds from Sandwich Islands in the presence of the natives, I went on shore in the afternoon, accompanied by Mr. Chamisso, in order to select a piece of ground for that purpose. We found an open spot near Rarick's habitation, in the vicinity of a water tank, which answered our purpose, the mould being very excellent. On our return we again fell in with a tomb, similar to that we found on Ormed, and planted round with cocoa-nut trees, and which they told me was that of a tamon.

On the 22d, in the morning, we were visited by several canoes, in which the people brought us cocoa-nuts; as often as any of the natives came on board, I endeavoured to quell their fear of the pigs, because I intended to take them on shore soon. After dinner I went on shore with Mr. Chamisso, accompanied by several sailors with spades, for the purpose of making the garden. All the inhabitants assembled round us, looking at our work with surprise, the design of which we could not make them comprehend, till they saw us put the seeds in the ground. While the ground was being dug, some sailors were employed in making a fence, in which Lagediack joined them, although he had not been requested to assist. The natives were particularly astonished at the latter part of our work, a fence being quite a novel thing to these happy people. When the garden was partly finished, we told Lagediack that they might expect to find here plants and eatable fruit, and a leap of joy indicated that he understood us. He now told the people at full length what was our intention, which was followed by general shouts. We finished our work for to-day, because we did not wish to fatigue the people, and I explained to Rarick and Lagediack that it was their garden, and that the fence was intended to keep every one else out of it; this he likewise immediately proclaimed, feeling himself highly honoured by the distinction; and, having made two different knots of pandanus-leaves, which marked his as well as Rarick's sign, they were hung upon the fence, as a proof that they were the joint-owners of the garden; being such knots as are frequently found upon trees, which they mark as their property, and the owner is distinguished according to the manner in which they are made. Before we returned on board we took our tea, the utensils and preparations for which severally afforded them subjects of wonder, conversation, and laughter; particularly the water boiling in the kettle, which they thought was alive. I persuaded Rarick to take a cup of tea and taste it; unfortunately it was hot, and he scalded his mouth, and it was with difficulty that I saved my cup from being thrown away. The fright was communicated to all as if by an electric shock, and every one of them was on the point of running away. At last, however, Rarick made up his mind to taste the tea, while the rest looked at him with astonishment, and, when he found it relishing, they all wanted some, and denoted by loud smacking how much they liked it; they also relished the biscuit, but particularly the sugar, as they are all fond of sweets, which forming their chief nourishment they draw from the sweet pandanus-fruit, and this may be the reason that even children of ten years old have seldom sound teeth, which they

almost entirely lose at a middle age. This was the first time the natives had been induced to taste our victuals, a proof of their confidence; but, at the same time, with this confidence, their inclination for stealing was likewise developed, and Rarick himself set an example of it: the bright silver spoons excited his cupidity so much that he tried to conceal one of them in his girdle, and was only prevented from doing so by a joke. We, however, missed a copper measure, which the sailors were in the habit of using as a drinking-vessel, and, after much searching, it was found hid among the bushes. On discovering this vice among the islanders, whom I had thought hitherto free from it, I expressed my disapprobation to those that were about me, and ordered my people to be more circumspect for the future.

On the morning of the 23d Rarick and Langin, with a numerous retinue, paid us a visit, and we received them with our usual cordiality. They now went to all parts of the ship without any apprehension, the guns, however, still exciting in them some curiosity, and they fancied that they were used by us in the same manner as their shell-horns. One of Langin's companions stole a knife from the cabin, which we again recovered, and he was very much ashamed. Langin was exceedingly vexed, and left us to sail for his island, whither we were invited. In the afternoon we went on shore to finish the garden, where we found that the rats had committed great devastation; even our presence did not disturb them, some of them continuing to pull out the seeds, while others carried them off. I made Lagediack understand that the whole of the garden would soon be destroyed, if they did not watch it, and the depredators were consequently soon chased with sticks and stones. We repaired the injury, and planted the remaining part with arbutus, melons, maize, beans, peas, lemons, and yams. Lagediack was well aware that all these vegetables were eatable, and we now had only to explain the manner of cooking them. I therefore divided a baked yam among them, which they found so agreeable that they attached more interest to the garden. We distributed a quantity of seeds among the people, for them to sow where they pleased; Mr. Chamisso here, as well as on the other islands which we touched at during our navigation, was unwearied in sowing various seeds, and I am certain that his endeavours have not been in vain. The food of the islanders, in this season, consists solely of pandanus fruit, and they consider the cocoa-nuts, of which but few grow on these islands, as dainties. The pandanus, however, contains but little nutritious substance, and, besides, being by no means abundant, an idea may be formed of the frugality of their habits, which seems to agree with them, as they attain a long and cheerful old age. A triple increase of the population would produce starvation among them; which calamity, however, we hope to see obviated by the sowing of seeds. It is singular that fishing is so much neglected by them; as only a few times during my stay I saw the people angling for a species of small fish from among the reefs. A cock and a hen, the remaining stock of our poultry, I gave to Lagediack, whose pleasantries recompensed for the loss of the birds.

On the 24th, we fixed a forge on the shore, several iron utensils wanting repair. The novelty of the scene attracted all the natives, who looked with amazement at the fixing of the machine; but, when the bellows began to work, the coals to burn, and the fire-sparks to

fly from the beaten iron, the men laid hold of their wives, these of their children, and all fled. Lagediack was the first whom we could convince of the unreasonableness of his fear; and, to prove to him the utility of the forges, we made a neat harpoon very quickly, and gave it to him. His joy at this present was excessive; holding it above his head, he called back his comrades, who, encouraged by his example, again collected round us. Another harpoon for Rarick, and some fish-hooks for my favourites, were made in their presence, and their attachment to us increased in the same proportion, as every new art raised us in their estimation. The forge was left on shore for the night, under the care of the smith, and Lagediack promised to watch, in order that nothing might be stolen.

The 25th.—The night passed on shore without any one attempting to come near the forge. When the work was begun again in the morning, an old man laid hold of a piece of iron, with which he ran off; but his comrades, pursuing him with the cry, *eabuderi!* (stealing,) overtook him, and were obliged to take away his prey from him by force. Without the least embarrassment he returned to his seat, raving against all who had pursued him, and immediately after tried to seize upon another piece, when he was effectually driven away. This old man, who was here on a visit from another island, could hardly be called a thief, as he committed his robbery publicly, and merely tried to exercise the right of the strongest.

On the 26th the pigs, to which the islanders had by this time become accustomed, were brought on shore and given to Rarick, near whose hut they were placed within a small enclosure. A sailor was left on shore for some days to teach the inhabitants how to treat these animals. Rarick was still so much afraid of them that he would not approach them; when, on landing, their grating struck upon his ear, he and the women, who had never been on board, fled at the sight of them into the woods. I wandered through the island with my gun, hoping to meet with some land-bird that I might shoot, but I saw none, except a few wild pigeons. Rarick and Lagediack accompanied me, and, wishing to give them an idea of fire-arms, I showed them a water-snipe, standing at about fifty yards from us, on the shore, and shot it; but in the same moment I repented my rashness, as both were lying at my feet, whining aloud, and hiding their heads in the grass. It was only after repeatedly assuring them they had suffered no harm, that they rose up, but still trembled and looked timidly upon the gun, which was placed against a tree. The sight of the bleeding bird was not calculated to make a joke of the matter; they remained mistrustful and timid, and ran away as soon as they thought themselves unnoticed. I had great difficulty in regaining their confidence; I never dare show myself again with a gun.

FROM THE BRITISH REVIEW.

ON THE ORIGINAL POPULATION OF IRELAND.

1. *An Inquiry concerning the primitive Inhabitants of Ireland; illustrated by Ptolemy's Map, corrected by the Aid of Bardic History.* By Thomas Wood, M. D. author of an essay "On the Mixture of Fable and Fact in the early Annals of Ireland; and on the best Mode of ascertaining what Degree of Credit these ancient Documents are justly entitled to. 8vo. pp. 310. London, 1821.
2. *Chronicles of Eri; being the History of the Gaal Sciot Iber, or the Irish People; translated from the Original Manuscripts in the Phœnician Dialect of the Scythian Language.* By O'Connor. 8vo. 2 vols. pp. 944. 1822.

THE former of these works lay before us while recently investigating the original population of Britain; and our remarks upon it were postponed, only that we might connect them with such as should be demanded by the long announced "Chronicles of Eri," which have since appeared. The latter performance having been elaborately puff'd by the same periodical publication, and in the same sceptical style, as the "New Researches of Ancient History, by C. F. Volney," we had no room to doubt of its hostility to revealed religion: but we did not expect to find it, from the beginning to the end, altogether constructed for the purpose. We can only infer, that infidelity feels itself to be on its last legs: and that, as help can no longer be derived from the supposed Zodiac of Dendera (which has now been dragged forth into open day,) a still more desperate attempt must be made to insist, even by dint of *Irish traditions*, that the Bible is needless and false, rather than wholly relinquish the contest.

With this notice, we should (for the present) dismiss "O'Connor Cier-rige, Head of his Race," "and chief of the prostrated people of his nation;" as his titles stand, annexed to a frontispiece which represents him with a manuscript in his left hand, and his right grasping a *Crown*; but that his title-page may be so unintelligible to our readers, as to render a brief exposition of it acceptable, before we proceed to the proper subject of this article. *Gaal* signifies merely a tribe; *Sciot* is its assumed name, whence that of Scotland originated; and *Iber* was that of some of its reputed ancestors. The Irish is the *language* intended, though certainly not recognizable by the description. Of the *Scythian* language, nothing is known, but that it had affinity to the *Sarmatian* (Herodotus, Melp. 117). Of the *Phœnician*, or Punic, also, we know little more, than, from Augustin's testimony, that it nearly resembled the *Hebrew*; which is corroborated by the ease with which the Punic scenes of Plautus have been accommodated to Hebrew phrases of similar import by Bochart and others. Irish and Bas-breton, indeed, have been made of the same passages, but in defiance equally of meaning and etymology. With the ancient Sarmatian, the modern Slavonic dialects are historically connected: and these are alike remote from Irish and from Hebrew. As it is not, however, the first time that Irish has been mistaken for Hebrew, or that Scots have been identified with Scythians, such blunders might be excusable in the author: but what can we say, when he insists that the Gothic radically

differed from the German, and the Welsh from the Irish languages? At the same time, he plainly does not know Welsh from Irish; for he attributes to the Irish the population of Wales, Cornwall, and Bretagne. Of *Gothic*, he seems never even to have heard that Ulphilas translated the Gospels into that language. Yet he rests his argument, for the origins of the Irish and other nations, chiefly and constantly on radical distinctions of *language*: and nearly two hundred pages of a rhapsody which he strangely entitles "Demonstration," are filled with what he calls Etymologies! In Latin and Greek terms, alone, any real similitude of Irish appears; and this is only such as is common to all the southern languages of Europe. He might have found much stronger resemblances in the *Gothic* dialects, which he asserts to be wholly foreign to the Irish language; but these may easily be accounted for without any radical affinity. It is, notwithstanding, perfectly consistent for the author to charge those who are not versed in *Irish*, with ignorance of *all* languages; because this is evidently the only one with which he is himself acquainted. Even his *English* is such as never was written before, nor will probably ever be written again. In the orthography of proper names, we can make large allowance for errors of the *press*: but when so familiar a word as Mesopotamia, which recurs times beyond number in these volumes, is *uniformly* spelt *Messipotamia*, we cannot give the author the benefit of this shelter.

"Should any captious person," says he, "be inclined to entertain suspicion of the antiquity of these manuscripts, I beg leave to observe, that I do not presume to affirm that the very skins, whether of sheep or of goats, are of a date so old as the events recorded: but this I will assert, that they must be faithful transcripts from the most ancient records; it not being within the range of possibility, either from their style, language, or contents, that they could have been forged." (Preface, p. ix.)

The absurdity of such an assertion is manifest. If there is a book in the world, the *contents* of which demonstrate the forgery of them to be *impossible*, we certainly have never seen such a book, excepting the Bible: yet we are not required to believe even *that*, *merely* on this ground; because, in addition to (at least) the extreme improbability that such a book ever could have been forged, we are furnished with incomparably stronger *external* evidence of its authenticity, than of any other book that is extant. To *such* authority, it is plain that the "*Chronicles of Eri*," have no shadow of pretence; and as to their *internal* evidence, it is with the fullest conviction, after a complete and careful examination, that we advance the exact reverse of the author's assertion; and insist, that they *cannot but have been forged*. From first to last, marks of contrivance are prominent. Circumstances and names are usually accommodated to facts that are misunderstood, and to current opinions that are erroneous. The sacred Scriptures are *pirated* with the avowed design of subverting their claim to inspiration. Laws, customs, teachers, and kings, far excelling all historical pattern, are ascribed, for above thirteen centuries preceding our era, to the very people whom Diodorus Siculus and others, about the time of its commencement, described as cannibals; and the sentiments, political, moral, and anti-christian, that were broached by French philosophers of the last century, are attributed to personages supposed to have lived 3000 years ago. Of this writer's correctness our readers may

judge from his venturing to state, in three several parts of his work, that Dean Prideaux, in his well-known "*Connexion of Sacred and Profane History*," *denied the credibility of the Hebrew Scriptures!* What Prideaux asserted of Rabbinical traditions, is represented by Mr. O'Connor to have been said of the Bible.*

When the pledge of our early attention to Irish antiquities was given, we were aware that the subject of investigation differed much from the origin of our own population. Ireland having never been comprised in the Roman empire, classical information of its state can hardly be expected. Neither does it appear, that any thing like the Welsh historical triads was preserved *memoriter*, from remote epochs, in the sister island. But while these advantages for research must be relinquished, it may fairly be maintained, that the balance of traditional records, in the ninth century of our era, was in favour of Ireland. Nennius, who frankly reported all the information that he received, was evidently imposed upon as to *British* traditions, by forgeries of Romanizing Britons. What he reported of *Ireland*, he avouches to have received from (*peritissimis Scottorum*) the most learned Scots. That there were such in his time, is well known. The three preceding centuries had produced many natives of Ireland that were eminent for the literature of that period. It was the effect of the rapid and extensive progress of the gospel, after its establishment in Ireland, in the fifth century. That its population, till then, remained as uncivilized as most of the South-sea islanders now are, and as all of them were twenty years ago, is intimated by obscure vestiges of authentic history. The mere profession of Christianity could not but produce important changes in the customs of such a people; which, accordingly, is asserted by contemporary writers: but we do not assimilate these to the transformation recently effected by Christianity in the Georgian and Society islands, or among the liberated negroes at Sierra Leone. We know how destitute of *education* the English were, at Alfred's accession, soon after Nennius's time. Of the five languages in which, at the time of Bede, the gospel was preached in Britain, the Latin alone seems to have been commonly written; and this, in Ireland, was likely to be studied only in the numerous monasteries, where noble and royal pupils were instructed, that they might impart Christianity to their kindred in Britain (the northern Picts), to the Angli of Northumbria, and to various northern nations of Europe. What Nennius received from such men, may reasonably be depended upon, though not as historical fact, yet as the most credible tradition of that age, and greatly to be preferred to later and less probable legends. The substance of Nennius's report is as follows.

The first ancestor of the Irish was a noble Scythian, who, with his numerous family, resided in Egypt, at the time when the Israelites removed thence to Canaan. Being expelled by the Egyptians, the Scythian conducted his people westward in Africa during forty-two

* If our readers deem it incredible that *any* man should publish so preposterous a statement, we request them to compare Prideaux's *Connexion*, Part I. Book 5. (pp. 501—503, 9th ed.) with O'Connor's first vol. p. viii. That he especially relied upon *this* argument against the Bible, appears from his double repetition of it, pp. cx. cxvi. Though infidel writers, in general, trust greatly to the ignorance and indolence of their readers, few would venture to quote a book so familiarly known, in direct contradiction to its uniform purport.

years, by the lake Salinarum, to the Aræ Philenorum, on the Greater Syrtis. Thence they passed between Rusicada and the mountains Azare, situated between Tunis and Algiers; and arriving at the river Malwa (the boundary of Algiers and Fez), proceeded by sea to the strait, and landed in Spain. After remaining there many years, and greatly multiplying, they came to Ireland 1002 years after the Exodus, or nearly 600 before the Christian era.

The first Scots (or Irish) who came from Spain to Ireland, were 1,000 of both sexes, conducted by Bartholomew: but these, after having increased to 4,000, were cut off by pestilence, in one week. A second party, conducted by Nimech, is said to have been a year and half at sea, before they arrived in Ireland, where their ships were wrecked. After remaining there many years, they returned to Spain.

Afterwards came three sons of a certain warrior of Spain, with thirty ships, with the same number of men, and as many women, in each; of which only one vessel reached Ireland, where it was wrecked, but all the crew were preserved, and peopled the whole country. The other ships were reported to have encountered at sea a glassy tower (seemingly an ice-island) on which were people with whom they could not converse; and all the crews landing upon it, to attack them, it sank with all of them together. Other parties successively arrived from Spain, and occupied various parts of Ireland. The latest was conducted by Clambhoctor (Clanna-Uachtar, the Uachtarich or Vecturiones*) and continued to reside there: Historeth, son of Istorinús, (the Horestii) took possession of Dalrieta in Britain, at the time when Brutus founded the Roman consulate. Buile and his followers occupied Eubonia (the Isle of Man); and the sons of Vethan obtained possession of the country of the Dimecti (Demetia, or South Wales), and spread to Guiber and Guely; but were expelled from all the British territories by Cuneda and his sons.

The last transaction is confirmed by British history, which dates the reign of Cuneda from 328 to 389 A. D. His eldest son died in the Isle of Man; the rest were rewarded with districts which they had recovered from the Irish in Wales. The Welsh Chronicles, written during the eleventh century, in Bretagne, relate that a British king, named Gwrgant, returning from Dassia, at the Orkney Islands met thirty ships full of men and women, conducted by Barthlome, or Partholan. They were Barclenses, who had been expelled from Spain, and had been at sea a year and half seeking a place of settlement. Gwrgant directed them to Ireland, which then lay waste and uninhabited; and they went thither, peopled the country, "and their descendants are to this day in Ireland." (Roberts's Chronicle of the Kings of Britain, p. 61.)

Gwrgant was nephew of Brennus, or Brân, who is said to have joined in a Celtic invasion of Italy, when Porsanna reigned in Tuscany, about five centuries before our era. This is the same date assigned by the Irish traditions to the first settlement of the Scots in Britain, about a century later than their arrival in Ireland, if their date of the Exodus was nearly correct. It is, indeed, very improbable that the Irish knew any thing of the Jewish, or even of the Roman history, prior to their reception of Christianity; and such adjustments of dates

* See Thoughts on the Origin and Descent of the Gael, by J. Grant, Esq. p. 276.

can only imply that they computed these events of their own traditional history to be contemporary with the others. It may be observed, that the Welsh tradition bears some resemblance of all the three reports which Nennius distinguishes. The name of the leader was that of the first Irish colony; the duration of the voyage was that of the second; and the number of ships was that of the third. The permanency of settlement agrees only with the last; but the waste condition of the island corresponded with all the three Irish traditions, although that circumstance has less probability to support it than any other. It appears too much like a contrivance to attribute the entire population to the third colony. Gwrgant is the twenty-third British king named in the Welsh chronicles and ancient pedigrees; and various circumstances concur to render it probable that our island had been inhabited three or four centuries before his time. That so fertile a country, and so near to Britain, as Ireland, should so long afterwards remain wholly unoccupied, is hardly credible: but it might be very thinly peopled by straggling parties from Britain, Gaul, or Spain, hostile to each other, and merging into a savage state. That the first Irish colony of 1,000 persons, when multiplied (perhaps within a century) to 4,000, should be wholly, or very nearly, cut off by pestilence (whether in one or in many weeks) is not impossible, though unlikely to happen in such a country. It appears less probable that the second colony, after remaining many years, should all return to the country which they had either chosen, or been compelled, to quit. Supposing this to be the party which Gwrgant met with, and which continued to people the island, the Welsh and Irish traditions will better harmonize. The third expedition, if only one ship was preserved, could add but little to the previous population: yet that it acquired and maintained an ascendancy, appears from the whole population being ascribed to it, and from the inferior notice that was taken of subsequent accessions; although the learned Scots of Nennius's time were likely to have adequate information of these.

The tradition of the arrival of the Picts in Britain, which Bede recorded above a century before Nennius, forms a counterpart of that which we have quoted, of the first Irish colony by later Welsh chronicles. Bede describes the Picts as arriving in Ireland from Scythia; by which he appears to have meant the north of Europe. The Irish refused to admit them into their country, but advised them to form a settlement in Britain, promising assistance, if necessary. The Picts having accordingly occupied the northernmost part of Britain, they were allowed to take wives from Ireland, on condition that descent by the female line should have precedence in claims to the throne. As Bede has distinguished the Pictish language from the Scottish, he must have meant the Caledonian Picts, whom Tacitus demonstrated to be of German affinity. These, according to the ancient British Triads, were subsequently joined by the Irish Picts, apparently the Clamhocht (Clanna-Uachtar) of Nennius. He seats them in Dalriada (or Argyre), but distinguishes them from the Scots (who did not occupy that district of Britain, till A. D. 260, nor finally settle there till A. D. 503) by dating their first arrival in Britain about five centuries before Christ. The Scots, also, as Irish, are denominated Gwyddyl in the Triads, but the earlier colony is distinguished from them by the appellation of Gwyddyl Phichti, Irish Picts, and Gwyddyl Coch, or

red-haired Irish; the Vecturiones, by intermarriages with the Caledonians, having become partly assimilated to them in complexion.

Some copies of Nennius add, concerning the "*vir nobilis de Scythia*" from whom the Scots were supposed to originate, "*iste gener Pharaonis, erat, i. e. mas Scotæ filiae Pharaonis; a quâ, ut fertur, Scotia fuit appellata.*" That this was a later interpolation, and was derived from a tradition that did *not* assign a *Scythian* origin to the Irish (which alone might have accounted for the denomination of *Scots*) is highly probable. If either derivation of the name could be authenticated, it would discredit the other: but both are alike destitute of probability. Herodotus, the only historian who personally knew the Scythians, assures us that they did not call themselves by that name, though it was assigned to them by the Greeks.* (Melp. 6.) He tells us also, that no more than 1,000 years intervened from their first king to their invasion by Darius Hystaspes (ib. 7); so that they did not claim even national existence so early as the departure of the Israelites from Egypt. To oppose to such testimony the pretence of Justin, in the second century of our era, that the Scythians held a vast empire 1,500 years before Ninus founded that of Assyria, is so palpably absurd, as to disqualify it for refutation. There appears, then, no room to doubt that the Scythian origin of the Irish, as well as the marriage of their progenitor to a princess named *Scota*, was grounded merely on the resemblance of the appellation *Scot*, to *Scota*, and *Scythia*.

That the learned Scots of Nennius's time, notwithstanding, formed such a conjecture, is the more excusable from the extreme laxity with which the Scythian name was used by Roman writers in general, and by the later Greeks: but that they would invent the connexion of their ancestors with Egypt, becomes only the less probable on that account; for Egypt was the last country where Scythians were likely to be found. It is, therefore, reasonable to conclude that there existed an ancient tradition of the residence of their ancestors in that country, at a remote distance of time. Its epoch was likely to be matter of conjecture; but the simple fact appears to us by no means improbable. All Irish tradition concurs to derive the population of Ireland from Spain: and this is confirmed by the evident affinity of the Irish to the Welsh, whose ancestors Tacitus demonstrated to be of Iberian extraction. That the Iberians passed to Spain from Africa, has never, we believe, been disputed: and not only the traditions of the Irish, in general, assert them to have done so; but the Welsh Triads and Chronicles indirectly confirm the statement. We know from Scripture, that all nations originated from Asia; and the only route from Shinar to Africa, by land, lay through Egypt. To whatever source, therefore, the Irish nation may originally be ascribed, the tradition that they came from Egypt may be admitted as authentic.

Their track westward along the northern coast of Africa, as delineated by Nennius (which was copied verbatim by the Welsh chroniclers, Roberts, p. 19) is objectionable only on account of its geographical accuracy. It demonstrates his informants to have had a more minute acquaintance with the country, than tradition can easily be supposed to have conveyed. It does more credit to their learning,

* Mr. Graham asserts, also, that the Highlanders never applied the name of Scots, as a generic term, to themselves. (Thoughts on the Gael, p. 286.)

than to their fidelity: but if we suspect the learned Scots of having revised and corrected their old traditions, it is perhaps all that we can reasonably impute to them. To this subject, however, we shall have occasion to recur in examining the several variations of this simplest and oldest legend, which have been made by bards and chroniclers of uncertain dates, and of more than doubtful authority. Of these, Dr. Wood has very properly furnished an abridgment from Keating, which we shall endeavour again to abbreviate, for the amusement, if not for the information of our readers; for we find it impracticable to divest the miniature wholly of caricature.

The bards were evidently dissatisfied that their nation had been traced from no greater distance than Egypt, and from no higher antiquity than the Exodus. Some have peopled Ireland with children of Cain and Seth; and others with the crew of a ship that escaped from the general deluge.* Others postponed the event 312 years later, and landed Partholan in Kenmare Haven, on Tuesday the 14th of May of that year! There could not, of course, be any difficulty to ascertain Partholan's genealogy from Noah, during so short an interval; and as he was a Scythian, it could only be in the line of Japheth and Magog, from whom his generation was the sixth. It is, however, to be considered, that the Irish term rendered Japheth, is *Iat-foth*; *verbatim*, the land of Foth: and that Josephus attributes the first population of all the north of Africa to Phut, the third son of Ham; asserting that the whole country was originally called Phuté, and the inhabitants Phuteans. They evidently were so named by the Hebrew prophets. In confirmation of the fact, Josephus refers to a river of Mauritania which still retained the name of Phut, as Pliny also testifies—*max amnem quem vocant Phut*, or (as the margin) Phthut. (Hist. Mun. v. i.). The Egyptians usually aspirated the sounds of *p* and *t*, and often joined them, which exposed them to mutual substitution. According to Sanchoniatho, the inventor of alphabetic writing, whom the Greeks named Taausus, was called by the Egyptians Thoth and Thouth. We are told also, that "when Chronos (or Ham) came into the south country, he gave all Egypt to the god Taautes." (Eus. Præp. Ev. ii. 10.) But Misor, or Mizraim, first reigned in Egypt; and although that country is called in scripture the land of Ham, it might be only as part of northern Africa, the whole of which was peopled by his posterity. Its western (not its eastern) division, was first called by the Greeks Ammonia, and the temple of Ammon stood within the limits of Libya. That country, therefore, instead of Egypt, was probably inherited from Ham by Thouth, or Phthouth, or Phut. Of this, the Greeks made Taautes, as we pronounce Phthisis, Tisis. The Irish suppress such sounds as being repugnant to euphony; and not only contract *Gaoithil* to *Gaël*, but *Duibhidhir* to *Dwyer*. (Dr. Wood's Inquiry, p. 52.)

The singular dissonance of written and colloquial Irish appears to us favourable to the antiquity that is so zealously claimed for the former, like the incongruities of Biblical and Masoretic Hebrew. The descendants of Ham, like those of Cain, excelled their contemporaries

* To the tradition, that three fishermen from Spain first arrived in Ireland, we have no other objection, than, 1, its want of confirmation; and, 2, its date, from 30 to 300 years before Partholan.

in arts; the Phœnicians surpassed all others in navigation and commerce; and the Egyptians excelled in science. That the Libyans long retained, or even first invented alphabetic writing, appears to us by no means incredible: but as other nations that migrated remotely from the centre of dispersion became proportionally uncivilized, and as the Irish are represented by ancient writers to have been extremely barbarous, we cannot infer, from the celebrity of the founder of their nation, if really the inventor of letters, that his posterity retained the use of them when they arrived in Ireland. We understand that their oldest manuscripts are written in the same characters as those used by the Welsh and the Saxons, and these seem to have been borrowed from the Romans.

To revert to the Bardic variations of the original legend;—they fetch Partholan from Macedonia instead of Spain; diversify the duration of his colony from 30 to 642 years; and augment its increase to 9,000 instead of 4,000. They agree, however (contrary to the Welsh tradition), to exterminate it by pestilence, which they limit, not indeed to one week's operation, but locally to the hill of Howth, or somewhere else. Nimech, called (perhaps more properly) *Neimhidh*, is (of course) derived also from Magog, but came either from Greece or from the Euxine coast, with 34 ships, each containing 30 people, and arrived in Ireland 30 years after the destruction of the first settlers. There they were attacked and overcome by the *Foghmhoraice*, maritime plunderers, said to come from Africa. These greatly oppressed Neimhidh's followers, some of whom fled to Scotland, others to northern parts of the continent of Europe. Some say that Ireland again lay uncultivated 200 years, some 412; but others, that the Neimhidhians, within 217 years from their first arrival, were succeeded by the men of Gallian, the Fir-domhnann, and the Fir-bolg, all descended from *Simon-breac*, a grandson of Neimhidh, who had remained in Thrace, 5,000 of whose family being ill-treated by the Greeks, transported themselves to Ireland under numerous independent leaders. Slainge, one of these, became the first king of Ireland, and had eight successors within 80 years, if not (as is also said) within 30, of which Eochaidh, the last king, reigned ten years.

The Fir-bolg were then attacked, and defeated with immense slaughter, by Nuadha, king of the *Tuatha De Danann*, descended from a great grandson of Neimhidh. They had inhabited Greece, but being overthrown by the *Syrians*, fled to Lochlan, (which commonly denotes Denmark,) thence to the north of Scotland, and seven years after, "on Monday the 1st of May," landed in the north of Ireland. They overcame also the *Foghmhoraice*, and maintained the dominion of the island 197 years. The Neimhidhians that escaped took refuge in the western isles of Scotland; and when repulsed by the Picts, were allowed to settle in Connaught, by Oiliolla, king of that district, but were afterwards expelled from the island by an army from Ulster.

Before entering into the labyrinth constructed by the bards and annalists of the third original colony, it will be proper to compare with the simple report of Nennius the farrago already detailed. Each of his colonies came from Spain to Ireland; theirs are fetched from the Euxine and Ægean seas. His dates are as late as can be reasonably required; theirs are remote beyond possibility. He brought the progenitors of the Irish from Egypt, through the north of Africa, across a

narrow sea into Spain; they bring them, either by a voyage (then impracticable) from the remotest parts to Ireland, without touching at Spain; or else from the same point of departure across the continent of Europe, in order to reach the same spot. All that is incredible and ridiculous in their legends, is entirely additional, and derives no colour whatever from the ancient tradition, except from its mistake of Scots for Scythians. The Irish literati of the ninth century had conceded this to a fashionable prepossession; but they had barely *intimated* their progenitors, who abode in Egypt, to have been of *Scythian* origin. That notion in no wise affected any other part of their traditions. Every thing else might be just the same, if their ancestors were natives of Egypt, or whencesoever they came thither. It is obvious, on the contrary, that the fabricators of later legends, scrupled at no absurdity for the sake of establishing their original connexion with Scythia. In what remains to be considered of the bardic legends, this is still more preposterously exemplified; yet the whole is excusable, credible, and even rational, in comparison with the absurdities of O'Connor's "Writings of Eolus," and "Chronicles of Gaelag and Eri." The bards and former annalists, amidst all their extravagance, never hazarded such an extreme of folly, as to oppose their legends to the history of the Bible. They took it, on the contrary, as the foundation of their fabrics of wood, hay, and stubble, knowing that "other foundation could no man lay but that which was already laid." Mr. O'Connor avowedly expects, by assuming the Scythian origin of the Irish, to subvert the whole evidence of divine revelation!

Particular remarks on the Neimhidhians, the Foghmhoraice, the Firbolg, and the Tuatha de Danann, we postpone, to preclude repetition. The warrior whose three sons conducted the next party to Ireland, is named by the bards Mileadh and Galamh, both terms of martial import; and Mr. O'Connor, who calls him Eochaid, also surnames him Golam. In each instance, loud and long preparatory notes announce his entrance on the stage of legendary history; but his exploits are diversely blazoned by the several mock kings at arms, and his pedigree is discordantly proclaimed. Dr. Keating, as abbreviated by Dr. Wood, seems to have digested into a continued narrative, two different modifications of the same story; in one of which all the introductory transactions were crowded into the biography of Galamh, and in the other were distributed among several of his ancestors. This variation we attribute to a natural reflection of later bards, that more had been attributed to Galamh than any one man was likely to accomplish; and consequently, that the burden ought to be divided with his forefathers. Of this we would enable our readers to judge, as well as whether the bards, or Mr. O'Connor, have claim to greater credit.

The biographer of Galamh calls him son of Bi-le, the son of Breoghán, the son of Bratha, who had arrived with four ships in Spain, and only 136 persons on board. With these, however, he defeated the inhabitants, who were descendants of Tubal; as Breoghán also afterwards did, though one half of his followers had been destroyed by pestilence. His grandson, Galamh, equipping 30 ships, sailed to visit their kindred in Scythia, where the king made him commander in chief, and gave his daughter to him in marriage. She died there, after bearing him two sons; and his father-in-law having become jealous of his power, Galamh put him to death, and sailed with sixty ships to Egypt

where king Nectanebus (who reigned 370 B. C.) likewise rewarded him with his daughter (named *Scota*), for his military services. After twelve of Galamh's followers had been instructed in all the learning of Egypt, he recollected an ancient prophecy, that Ireland was to be his place of settlement. He, therefore, sailed—first to Thrace, thence to the Baltic Sea, and through a strait which divided Europe from Asia. They next arrived at Scotland, pillaged the country, and then proceeded to Biscay! He there defeated the *Goths* (who first entered Spain A. D. 455) in fifty-four battles, and expelled them, notwithstanding their posterity now occupy the country. There being, however, less food than fighting in Spain, after twenty-six years of drought, Galamh again recollected the prophecy, and despatched his uncle Ith in quest of Ireland, though it had long been well known by the Spaniards, a daughter of one of their kings having been married to the last king of the *Fir-bolg*. On Ith's arrival in Ireland, he was accosted in his own language by the natives, who had used it from Neimhidh's time, 630 years after the deluge. A quarrel, however, ensuing, Ith was mortally wounded. Galamh also died, in Spain. His sons sailed with a fleet, of the same force stated by Nennius, and arriving (without damage) in Wexford Harbour, 1300 years B. C. (therefore above 900 before Nectanebus, and 1700 earlier than the Spanish *Goths*) they encountered the *Tuatha de Danann*, but were compelled to retire to their ships. After other reverses, they obtained a decisive victory, with the loss of 300 men, and of *Scota*, (the widow of Galamh,) whose remains lie in the church-yard of Cill Eltain, a few miles from Tralee. Two of Galamh's sons, Ir and Don, also, were drowned; and the ship commanded by the latter, with a crew of 104 persons, was sunk in attempting to land.

The motive which we have assigned probably concurred with others to stimulate some more ingenious bards to supply the deficiency of learned Scots in the ninth century, by fabricating a system of Irish origins, that should better establish their Scythian affinity. According to a manuscript that is pretended to have been written before Christianity was imparted to Ireland, Magog, son of Japheth, had three sons, from the eldest of whom, Fenius Farsuidh, King of Scythia, descended; and from the youngest, Partholan, Neimhidh, the *Fir-bolg*, and the *Tuatha De Danann*. Fenius, sixty years after the foundation of Babel, and 242 after the deluge, collected specimens of 72 languages that had been formed, and appointed a Scythian, named Gaodhal, son of Eathoir, to construct one of consummate excellence; which was therefore called *Gaoidhealg*, that is, Irish. Fenius also sent his second son Niul, to acquire the learning of Egypt, where he met with Moses and Aaron, though they were not born till seven centuries after the deluge. Pharaoh Cingeris (Concharis, who was destroyed by the pastoral invaders, after the death of Joseph) gave his daughter *Scota* to Niul, to whom she bore a son named Gaodhal; but Niul's services to the Israelites exciting his father-in-law's displeasure, he escaped on board of Pharaoh's fleet (of which Moses made him a present) and (we conclude) sailed with it to Scythia, as he left a numerous posterity there.

Here are marks, not only of transposition from the biography of Galamh, but of the intermixture of other distinct fabrications. The story of Niul is evidently grounded upon the "*nobilis vir de Scythia*" of Nennius; and the interpolation of his record about *Scota*, seems

to have been made from this legend. *Scota* was transferred to *Niul* from *Galamh*, apparently to enhance her antiquity. As the contrivance, however, evidently was to account for the appellation of *Scots*, the story seems either to have been originally independent of a *Scythian* origin, or to have been preferred to it, for the sake of greater precision. The name *Gaoithil*, which was always used by the Irish, is likewise here doubly accounted for: first, from that of a supposed inventor of the language; and secondly, from a son of *Niul* by *Scota*. In both these cases, the opposite fabrications annul each other's credit. The name of *Scots* admits of various explanations; but as the African origin of the Irish appears to us to be already sufficiently established, we can hardly doubt, from their uniform appellation of *Gaoithil*, that they were the *Γαίτες* of the Greeks, and the *Gætuli* of the Romans. The *Numidians* of the latter, therefore, were probably indicated by the Bardic name *Neimhidh*.

Moses rewarded the services of *Niul*, not only by the donation of *Pharaoh's* fleet, but by assuring to the posterity of *Gaodhal*, exemption from being infested by serpents, wherever they should finally dwell. The successor of *Concharis*, called *Pharaoh Intur* (whom we never before heard of), not unnaturally resented these transactions; and persecuted the *Gaoithil* till they emigrated from *Egypt*, under *Eibhear Scot*, great grandson of *Gaodhal*. They embarked in four ships, each containing 30 people, and returned to *Scythia*; but met there with a very unfriendly reception from the other descendants of *Niul*, and in seven years withdrew to the *Caspian sea*, the first abode of the genuine *Scythians*. Their subsequent wanderings are servilely copied from the *Odyssey*. At a place called "*Gothia*, near *Crete* and *Sicily*," they remained, according to one account, 30, another, 150, and a third, 300 years. *Bratha*, in the 16th generation from *Eibhear Scot*, proceeded thence to *Spain*, as before related. The derivation of its earlier inhabitants from *Tubal*, fifth son of *Japheth*, arose from identifying the *Iberians* of *Caucasus*, now better known as *Grusians* (miscalled *Georgians*), with those of *Spain*. The *Grusian* language has no affinity either to the *Spanish*, or to the *Irish*; or indeed to any other language that is yet known; but ancient heathen writers, from their ignorance of glossology, as well as of the *Bible*, usually confounded together nations that had no other similarity than of name. The *Irish* bards may therefore readily be excused for such a blunder. Their conveyance of *Eibhear Scot* to *Scythia*, precluded occasion for *Galamh's* visit to that country; and their contrivances in bringing the *Scots* to *Spain*, being minutely copied from *Homer*, were of course preferable to the preposterous inventions attached to *Galamh's* return.

We have now to attend, in turn, to *Mr. O'Connor's* revised and expurgata edition of these fables; and in doing this, we mean to compare what he represents to be facts, with the preceding traditions, without reference to his interpretations of the chronicles, or to the form that has been given to them. The progenitors of the *Irish*, we are told, dwelt northward 1011 years before they occupied the country between the rivers *Sgeind* and *Tethgris*, whither they removed under the government of *Absal*. After residing there 1304 years, they passed westward of the *Tethgris*, and reached to the *Afreidg-eis*, under the conduct of *Daire*, whose descendants ruled, on both sides of that river, 1809 years. A very numerous host, called *Eis Soir*, speaking 1000

different languages, then invaded the Gaal (as Mr. O'Connor calls them, though it signifies merely a *tribe*); and Ard-fear, who then reigned, "floated on the bosom of blessed Affreidg-eis, and the waters bare up his little skiff, till he lighted on the plain of Ard-mionn," from Magh-sean-ar. After reigning 31 years over the people of the land, and the Gaal that had resorted to him, his body was placed in the same boat, and carried in it 900 paces westward from the spot where it had come on shore, and was there deposited. He was also called *Naoi*, and was succeeded by his son Macaar, who was surnamed *Jat-foth*; and after reigning 41 years, his youngest son Og was chosen to succeed him. His eldest brother, Jat-ban, migrated westward, with a party called *Og-eag-eis* (or seceders from Og), unaccompanied by females. The remaining subjects of Og were denominated *Naoi-maid-eis*. He extended his dominions northward to Gabacasan, which is described as a volcanic mountain. After his reign of 27 years, 191 intervened to that of Dorca, who placed Glas, his brother, over the land of Tu-bhal, and called it Iber. Many of the Gaal, also, passing over Gabacasan, settled beyond it, calling the country *Iath-sciot*.

Glas reigned 17 years in Iber, and was succeeded by Fi-le, who reigned 23 years, and refused to pay tribute to Lonrac, successor of Dorca. Another undescribed period of 396 years intervened, to the reign of Daire; but, above a century before him, in the reign of Fada, it appears that a colony had been conducted by Gaoi-ata-eolac, from *Naoi-maid-eisiat* to *Alger-ba*; and part of it followed his son *Fiallaoc*, by sea, to the mouth of the Iber, and abode in the land which they called *Buasce*. Daire reigned 22 years, and was succeeded by his son *Cealgac*; whose brother *Calma* emigrated, with 900 men and 100 women, to search after his tutor *Cuir*, and others of their countrymen, who had been captured 11 years before, and sold for slaves. Arriving at *Sgadan* in the land of *Aoimag*, they were informed by *Nargal*, the chief, that their countrymen had been carried to *Eis-feine*. They, therefore, procured from him vessels to convey them thither; and sailing first south, then west, passed through a strait, with the land of *Eis-feine* close on their right, and turning northward, in 9 days, entered the river *Duor*. They found beyond it, along with the "*Fir-gneat* formed of the elements of that land at the first," some of "*the Gaal of Sciota* itself, led thither from time to time, paying tribute both of them to *Nargal*, in the bowels of the earth, and in the face of the deep." They sought farther in the country for their captive countrymen, but without success; and meeting with the *Naoi-maid-eis* whom *Fiallaoc* had conducted to *Buasce*, who were then ruled by *Dubar*, they settled in their vicinity; and spreading westward, named the country *Gael-ag*. *Calma*, after reigning there 17 years, was succeeded by his brother *Rónard*, who survived him an equal term. *Duil*, son of *Calma*, succeeding, reigned 31 years; being then cut off by pestilence, with all his family, except his grandson *Cier*, who reigned 35 years. During his life, his son *Eolus* travelled to *Iber* and *Aoimag*, and learned at *Sgadan* to read and write. Being chosen, in preference to an elder brother, to succeed their father, he obtained from *Ramah*, king of *Aoimag*, a class of teachers, called *Olam*, to instruct his subjects; and committed to their care a narrative of past history, containing what has here preceded, together with laws and instructions, which he composed for the benefit of his subjects.

The following reigns were mostly disturbed by contests between the Olam and the Cruim-tear or priests of Baal; and as the former kept the records, those Kings who patronized them are (of course) extolled. Two brothers contending for the crown, 128 years from Eolus's accession; one of them named Eocaid, emigrated, "and passing over Bearna, abode beyond the mountains, calling the land Eocaidtan." The priests having obtained predominance, 180 years later, many of the people took refuge in Buasce, and a small colony, conducted by Falb, passed also beyond Bearna. About the same time multitudes passed from Aoimag into Eis-feine, to escape from the calamities of their country; and were hospitably received in Gaelag. Many ships also from Sgadan passed northward, and many of the Gaal of Sciota and of Buasce entered on board of them, and remained in the foreign land to which they sailed. About thirty years later, in the reign of "Bil-le, (an aged man) son of Eogasc, son of Marcad, from Calma," complaints arrived from the Gaal in Dunmianac, that the merchants of Eis-feine, who had conveyed them thither, would not suffer them to return. Bil-le, therefore, sent his son Ith to inquire into this grievance; and Ith, returning after a long absence, related that he had been driven by weather beyond Breotan, to another foreign land, the inhabitants of which fled at the sight of him.

To Bil-le succeeded his son Eocaid, the commencement of whose reign was troubled by seditions of the priests, in combinations with those of Eis-feine who had taken refuge in Gaelag. The latter were therefore banished; on which they excited their countrymen to unite against Eocaid; but after a long course of hostilities, he obtained a decisive victory over them at Sa-mur. When he had reigned 17 years, he was attacked by a more formidable force, under a chief named Sruamac, who desolated Eis-feine and Gaelag, and killed Eocaid, with three of his sons, in battle, near the scene of his former victory. Sruamac marched victoriously over Bearna; but famine aggravating the devastation he had made, the five surviving sons of Eocaid resolved on emigration; and their uncle Ith sailed, with three ships, to explore the island which he had formerly discovered. He found it occupied by two nations, the more numerous of which, who were Fir-gneat, or offspring of the soil, were severely oppressed by the other, called Danan. He was suddenly attacked by them, and mortally wounded; but charged his companions to return with their brethren from Gaelag, expecting to be joined by the oppressed natives. They followed his advice; but two of Eocaid's sons perished in landing. The other three, Marcad, Iolar, and Blat, engaging the Danan, with aid by the Fir-gneat, obtained the victory. It was then agreed that the Danan, who had arrived from the north 211 years before, should possess the land westward of the principal river; and the Fir-gneat (also called Cloden) should occupy its northern border. The rest of the island was divided by lot between two sons of Eocaid, Marcad (who assumed the name of Iber) and Iolar; and Er, son of Cier, one of those who were drowned. Blat accepted the office of Ard Cruim-tear, or high priest of Baal; and Lugad, son of Ith, the discoverer of Ireland, was allowed to possess a southern district.

The story, as here adjusted, derives hardly a shadow of support, either from the ancient tradition, or from the bardic variations of it. It is a separate scroll, slightly tacked to the latter at both ends. The

nicknames of Naoi, Jat-foth, and Golam, are given to Ard-Fear, Macaar, and Eocaid, apparently for the sole purpose of identifying them with the Noah, the Japheth, and the Galamb Mileadh of the bards. It is with the voyage of Ith alone, that the obvious resemblance commences. It seems to us probable, nevertheless, that this narrative, like that of Keating, consisted of two parts distinct from, and independent of, each other; and that one of these originally resembled the earlier legends more than it now does. The mutilation is betrayed by the meeting of Calma with Dubar in Buasce. The latter is said to have been descended "from Gaoi-ata-eolac, who conducted the children of Iber, who went out from Iber, in the days of Fada, to that land on the far side of Duor southward; from hence did Gaoi-ata-eolac conduct them from Naoi-maid-eisiat, and therein did they abide, calling their portion Alg-er-ba, after our race." (Vol. i. p. 27.) Naoi-maid-eisiat signifies the land of the people of Naoi-maid; and the identity of this name with that of Neimhidh can hardly be doubted. Duor is evidently the river Duero in Portugal; and Alg-er-ba is Algarve, its southernmost district. The "land on the far side of Duor southward," is admitted (by the translator) to denote Africa. Gaoi-ata-eolac is a studied distortion of Gaoithil, the proper name of the Irish nation, which elsewhere in these chronicles is uniformly suppressed. The chief so named (the bardic Gaodhal) brought a colony, therefore, from Africa to Spain; and as it is added that he brought them from the land of the people of Naoi-maid, that country appears to have been part of Africa. If so, it was (of course) Numidia; and the tradition on which this part of the legend was founded, precisely corresponded with that of the learned Scots in the ninth century, (*ut supra*, p. 136.)

The credit, however, that may be due to this incidental concurrence, extends neither to what precedes nor to what follows it. Of the earlier part of the legend, we consider it, indeed, as a complete refutation: and throughout both the divisions, palpable marks of contrivance, which are usually adjusted to mistaken or fictitious statements, demonstrate their fabrication. The Irish etymology, Alg-er-ba, is substituted for the Arabic term Al-garve, which marked the south-western extremity of Europe. Buasce evidently signifies Biscay; Bearnna, the Pyrenees; and Eocadtain, Aquitaine; the first of which we derive from Byzacium, and the last was a Latin translation of Aremorica (the earliest name of Gascogne) from Ar-y-mor, which is Welsh for a sea-coast. To avoid repetition, we must refer our readers to what is said of these districts and their inhabitants, in the article on British Origins, vol. xix. p. 423, &c. of our Review. We shall only remark that the Algarvans appear to have been Welsh, and the people of Biscay and Gascogne, Cantabrians; not Irish, as is here assumed of both. Mr. O'Connor asserts also (what he seems to have forgotten to introduce into the Chronicle) that from Aquitaine "a Gaal moved eastward, amongst the mountains, who assumed the name of Gaal-dun-seis," p. xcvi.; and this he explains, in his vocabulary, p. ccxviii, of "the tribe (or the Gaal) of the hills," and identifies it with the denomination "Waldenses." We recommend this etymology to glossologists, who have long been perplexed by the ascription of an *Erse* Pater-noster to the *Waldenses*, among whom not the slightest trace of Irish extraction is discoverable. Some wag persuaded Ade-

lung that it belonged to an Irish colony at Saffron-Walden! Let it now be restored to its rightful owners, "the Gaal of the Hills;" that is, to the Scotch Highlanders: and let Hibernian antiquaries reflect, that the metamorphosis of national names into Irish words is no inde-feasible proof of their Irish affinity.

The incongruities of the pedigree and exploits of Galamh Mileadh, with those of Eocaid Golamh, are sufficiently manifest, without farther animadversion; but it seems necessary here to take notice, that Mr. O'Connor identifies the resistless Sru-amac with *Sesostris*; and that the date of his victory over Eocaid *precisely* tallies with that which Sir Isaac Newton assigned to an invasion of Spain by that celebrated conqueror. That these Chronicles should be regularly dated from before our epoch of creation to the Christian era, may excite some surprise; but it should be considered that even the bards on whom Mr. O'Connor looks down with contempt, could tell the day of the month, and of the week, in which Partholan arrived at Ireland, in the 312th year after the flood. That in so extensive and unbroken a series of dates, the very same year should be affixed to Sru-amac's victory at Zamora, with that which Newton had assigned to an invasion of Spain by Sesostris, is much more worthy of observation; as no other chronologer ever supposed that Sesostris was then living: nor any authentic historian, that he ever was in Spain. Sir Isaac confounded him with Hercules; and the story of Geryon consequently gave rise to that of his invasion of Spain. Newton (following Sir John Marsham) identified Sesostris also with Shishak, and therefore dated his march through Palestine 974 A. C., strangely imagining that he had invaded Spain 34 years earlier; although Manetho informs us, that he was but 18 years of age when he succeeded his father, and commenced his expedition. That its proper date is about 1140, we have endeavoured to demonstrate, (vol. xvii. p. 403—405,) and it has usually been computed much earlier. The agreement of the "Chronicles of Gaelag" with Sir Isaac, on 1008 A. C. is one of those striking indications of contrivance, that stamp the whole chronicle indelibly with the character of fabrication. The chronological series seems to have been entirely adjusted to a date which is so palpably and singularly erroneous.

While Mr. O'Connor admits, that an Irish colony passed to Spain from Africa, the manifest object of the "Writing of Eolus" is to bring another colony thither, *without* having entered Africa. The bards took great pains to establish their *Scythian* origin, consistently with earlier testimonies to the abode of the Gaoithil in *Egypt*. One of their legends sent Golamh himself to that country; another accounted for the arrival of the "vir nobilis de Scythia" there. Eolus (of whom, as Mr. O'Connor justly remarks, nobody has heard before) puts the origin of the Irish beyond dispute, not by making the Scots descend from Scythians, but by deriving the Scythians from Scots: at least, so the translator interprets the passage of a tribe over Gabacasan, who called the country beyond it "Iath-Sciot, in memory of our race;" not that the name Sciot had been used before, or any other title than the race of *Absal*; of whom we are informed, only that "he went out before the host, from the land of the elements of which our great fathers were formed," (p. 6.) Wherefore the name *Sciot* was given either to those who dwelt north or south of Gabacasan, is not explained: so that

both the bardic modes of accounting for the name of Scot are rejected; and its origin remains as mysterious as ever.* But Eolus sets forth much greater mysteries. He tells us often, that nations grew out of the soil which they first inhabited: and that, although all the race of Absal used the same speech, the Essoir, who invaded them, spoke 1000 different languages.† If, also, the translator authentically interprets his original, we are told that Ardfear, chief of the race of Absal, floated from the plain of Shinar up the Euphrates, in a little skiff; to a country of 9000 feet perpendicular height above the sea. This miraculous vessel was afterwards carried up to a spot 900 paces distant from its landing place; which we understand of what Armenians called the remains of Noah's ark. As we cannot, however, without better testimony than that of relics, or even of Irish chronicles, give credit to so singular a miracle, we shall try, as is usual, to explain it away.

He interprets the names Affreidgeis and Tethgris, by the Greek appellations Euphrates and Tigris, assuring us that the latter, *not* Hiddekel, was the ancient name of the river. This only shows, either that *he* did not know the contrary, or that he took for granted his readers would not. We incline to the former opinion, as it is evident that neither the translator, nor the Author (if they are not one and the same) of Eolus's writing, knew that Phrat, *not* Euphrates, was the proper name of the western river. If, then, Affreidgeis was designed for an imitation of Euphrates, it could only prove the inventor's ignorance, and the forgery (if proof of this was wanted) of the document ascribed to Eolus. But we are willing to interpret the name more naturally, and to translate Aff-reidg-eis, "the people of Af-rica;" eis, in Irish, (like wys, or gwys, in Welsh) signifying "people." Haf, in Welsh, signifies summer; and Gwlad yr Haf, is accordingly used of Somersetshire, as a warmer district than Wales. Ric (with slight variations) in numerous languages, denotes territory. Supposing, therefore, the name Affreidgeis to exist in old Irish MSS. we should regard it as concurring with their most authentic traditions, to indicate that the nation originated from Africa. If it was ever used for a *river*, it must have been for the Nile; which might be called Africus, as it certainly was called Ægyptus. Even should Mr. O'Connor insist that it denotes the term Euphrates, he still could not disprove its reference to Africa; for a fortress erected at the boundary of the Carthaginian and Libyan territories bore the name of Euphrates Turris.

The Sgeind, which Mr. O'Connor interprets of the Indus, might be the Gyndes, or Gihon. The Teth-gris, we suppose to have been meant for the Tigris (properly named Hiddekel); and regard it only as an

* The author spells it *Sciot*, which signifies an arrow; and he supposes the Irish always to have excelled in *shooting*.

† What these were is not easy to conjecture: according to Mr. O'Connor, Hebrew, Phenician, Armenian, Gruzian, Scythian, Gothic, Greek, Latin, Cantabrian, Basbreton, Welsh and Cornish, were all Irish; and the various Teutonic languages were neither Irish nor Assyrian. The writer's obvious design was to discredit the miraculous confusion of speech; but we are satisfied that it is impossible, otherwise, rationally to account for existing diversities of language. To produce these, however, nothing else was originally requisite, but to render universal a forgetfulness of the names of objects, of which every person, probably, at times, is conscious. Such a suspension of the memory, if general, would oblige every family to devise new names for their daily use; and new languages would gradually be formed, which must attach members of the same family to each other, and render them foreign to all beside.

additional evidence of comparatively modern fabrication: but when 1,304 years are demanded for the ancestors of the Irish to proceed from the Tigris to the Euphrates, we exempt them from so gross an imputation of slothfulness, and give them credit for having reached either the Nile, or the Euphrates Turrus, in that or a much less extent of time. We cannot but expect Mr. O'Connor, on mature reflection, to concur with us in these interpretations; as he must perceive it to be more likely that the skiff of Ardfear should float *down* the Nile, than *up* the Euphrates; and should come to land in Ammonia rather than in Armenia. In exchange for the fictitious relics of Noah's ark in the latter country, we would consign to him the authentic remains of the temple of Jupiter Ammon, as a memorial of Ardfear, or Ham, raised by his son Jat-foth, or Phut. For the invasion of Eissour he might then account, by the celebrated wars of O'Siris, whose very name seems to indicate Irish affinity! Gabacasan might be the Nitrian mountains, which are certainly much *hotter* than those of Caucasus; and the intervening valley of Naphtha (though somewhat hyperbolically described) would answer to "iron running red-hot, and burning coals," better than any thing between the Euxine and Caspian seas. Besides, as the name of *Sciot* first appears *beyond* these mountains, its claim to an Egyptian origin (as unanimously maintained by all other Irish tradition) would thus receive additional confirmation. Ardfear's right to the name Naoi, and his son Macaar's to that of Jat-foth, would also thus be irresistibly established: the latter, as Phut, ancestor of all the Lybians; and the former, by the Naoi-maid-eis, or the Numidians. About *Aoimag*, we confess ourselves as much at a loss as Mr. O'Connor, who can find no better substitute for it than Hamath: but for *Sgadan*, we would recommend to him, instead of Sidon, *Sgigada*; as the place which is called in the ancient tradition Rus-Sicade (after the Carthaginians) has always been named on the spot. Wherefore it should be called "Queen of ships," he probably best knows.

Thus, supposing fragments of ancient Irish traditions to have been interwoven in the fabrication of Eolus, we have suggested a simple and natural mode of harmonizing them with legends, which we know to have been extant at least 1000 years. Of the earliest detachment from the Numidians, conducted by Jat-ban, we find nothing subsequently: and can only conjecture, that as the name signifies "the land of Ban," it may possibly have some reference to the Deffro-Bani of the Welsh chroniclers, which we take for Taphru-ras (or rus) now Skafes in Tunis. The transformation of Jat-ban to Javan, is wholly unsupported. The name of Ogeageis, whatever it might signify, is that by which Calma's colony in Galicia was distinguished from that of Fiallaoc in Biscay; and by which a part of the former was called after their arrival in Ireland, in distinction from another part called Naoimaideis. (Vol. ii. p. 7.) All are commonly called Iber and Sciot; although, according to the translator's interpretation, the former should have been restricted to Georgia, and the latter to Scythia, whence detachments are not reported to have been made. The mistake of Georgians for Spaniards, which we have already exposed, is the sole ground for applying the denomination Iber (in these traditions) to the former. By Tubal, the writer probably meant, as the bards evidently did, the people of Spain; and if Dorca "placed Glas, his brother, over the land of Tu-bhal, calling it Iber," (vol. i. p. 17.) the establishment of an Iberian settlement in

Spain may be understood. The reply of Fi-le, son of Glas, to Lonrac, son of Dorca, when the latter demanded tribute from the colony, that it was too far off, would have been absurd, if Armenia and Georgia, which are adjacent to each other, had been denoted by Ardmionn and Iber; but interpreting these names of Ammonia and Spain, it was unanswerable. So Ailb-bin, "a heap of heights," suits either the Pyrenees, or the Alps, better than Albania, which was a lower country than Georgia, and lay eastward, not *northward* of it. (P. 21.)

We cannot, therefore, congratulate Mr. O'Connor on his interpretation of Irish traditions, or upon any superiority of the edition of them which he has published, to that of Dr. Keating. There is nothing, however preposterous, in the latter, so ridiculous as the invention of floating Ardfear from Shinar to Mount Ararat, without the help of a general deluge. Such a device would be unaccountable, but for the author's apparent infection with an historical hydrophobia. He insists that every flood recorded either in sacred or profane history, was neither more nor less than a foreign invasion. The idea of a *flood* plainly deprives him of that modicum of sense which he sometimes exercises on other subjects, small as it is. For identifying Ardfear and his son Macaar with Noah and Japheth, he had some colour from ancient Christian writers, who, through ignorance of the Hebrew Bible, adopted the distorted chronology of the Septuagint version, and interpreted the fabulous Scythian empire of Justin, of the patriarchal government prior to the general dispersion. Mr. Pinkerton, mistaking the Scythians for Goths, and eager to exalt them at the expense of the Scots (whom he mistook for Celts) zealously supported the hypotheses of Justin and the Christian fathers; and Mr. O'Connor has availed himself of Pinkerton's researches, to transfer to the Scots the honours that had been claimed (on equally groundless pretences) for the Goths. In denying the Germans to be Scythians, he has the advantage of his more learned precursor; but even when he decides right, it is upon wrong ground; for he opposes the affinity of the Germans to the Goths, no less than to the Scythians!

We before remarked the agreement of the latter part of Eolus's writing with more ancient Irish tradition, and its opposition consequently to the preceding part. To connect and reconcile these, contrivance was indispensable, but it is of a very bungling sort. How were the Iberians, after being planted in Georgia, to be smuggled into Spain? If conducted across Africa, it might be suspected (after all) that they were not genuine Scythians. Yet, to deny that any of them did so, would oppose all former tradition. First, then, let a long period of obscurity follow the establishment of the Naoimaideis in Georgia; say, 396 years. Let it afterwards appear, that during this obscure interval, a colony of the Naoimaideis *did* pass from Africa to Spain; no matter why, or how it happened, that they went to Africa from Georgia. Then, as soon as Georgia becomes again illuminated, let it be understood that some of the people, a few years before, had been taken captive, and sold for slaves at Sidon; and call this Sgadan, to avoid suspicion of Sgigada in Africa being meant. Let 900 armed men and 100 women next be sent to find out their enslaved kinsmen. The wily king of Sidon endeavours to kidnap them too; but finding them resolute, he agrees to furnish them with ships to go to Eisleine; where, he tells them, their friends had been sold. The Sidonians

themselves seem to have been called Eisfeine; and the Iberians expected to find their countrymen to the southward of the Phenician coast. Greatly, however, to their surprise, after the ships had steered southward, they took a western course, through the whole extent of the Mediterranean, and the strait; and then (tacking northward) landed them at the mouth of the river Duero. There they found some of their countrymen working the silver and tin mines for the Phenicians: but not liking the same employment, and having weapons in their hands, they insisted on being directed to those whom they were seeking for: and when conducted to Biscay, they met, not with these, but with the others, who had come thither 140 years before, but of whose emigration no notice whatever had been taken.

All this labour in vain, and all the confusion about Affreidgeis, and Ardmionn, and Iber, and Naoimaideis, and Sgadan, sprang, therefore, from a desire to establish the claims of the Irish to a Scythian origin; which, if true, might at once be proved by a collation of their language with the numerous dialects of the Slavonic, of the affinity of which to the Scythian we have clear and satisfactory testimony from Herodotus.

With a few words on the *form* in which this palpable and clumsy fabrication is ushered to the public, we shall close our remarks on the subject. The first six chapters are "the writing of Eolus," dated 1335 before the Christian era; or above three centuries before Solomon's temple was founded. The next 17 chapters are "Chronicles of Gaelag;" in which not only all the reigns of the kings are dated, but likewise the accession of all the Ard-olams (or head-teachers) who kept the registers. This they continued to do when in Ireland, and added the dates of the collateral reigns of kings of Ulster, Leinster, and Munster, to those of the individuals said to be elected paramount sovereigns of the whole island. These annals are brought down only to the Christian era, in the second volume of the work before us; but the author proposes to complete the history of Ireland to the present time. What he has already published is altogether without precedent in antiquities, with the exception of the second book of kings; which, therefore, we conceive to have been the pattern of the Irish *annalists*. The model of *Eolus's writing*, however, stands much higher. The book of Deuteronomy is its original, both in matter and manner, saving any claim to inspiration. To enable our readers to judge both of the resemblance and the contrast, we subjoin a comment on Eolus, pronounced by Eocaid Olam Fodla, king of Ulster, 700 A. C.

"BAAL spake not to ASTOR: it is the voice of *reason* that crieth aloud; *Let not man slay his fellow*. BAAL spake not to LAMAS: it is *justice* that directeth; *Let not man take of the belongings of another privately*. BAAL held not converse with SOTH: it is the spirit of *truth* that saith; *Let not the lips utter what the mind knoweth to be false*. BAAL opened not his mouth to AL: it is the gentle voice of tender *pity* that whispereth; *Man, be merciful*. BAAL talked not with SEAR: it is the tongue of *wisdom* that teacheth; *Let man do even as he would be done by*. What if these five laws stand laws for *Eri*? And all said, Yea." (Vol. ii. p. 100.)

Here it should be observed, that by Baal (or the sun) was signified the object of national worship; and that Astor, Lamas, Soth, Al, Sear, and four more, were his primitive priests, to each of whom he was said to have revealed a commandment. Five of these laws are here cited, and were established (we are told) as the Irish national code; but their

claim to divine authority was flatly denied. Three of them are articles of the Decalogue; and the other two are sanctioned both by the Old and the New Testament. The interpretation, therefore, of this passage is plainly as follows; "God said not, by NOAH, Do not murder; by MOSES, Do not steal; by PAUL, Put away lying, and speak truth; by MICAH, Love mercy; or by JESUS CHRIST, Do to all as you wish them to do to you: these are merely the dictates of human reason, of justice, of truth, of pity, and of wisdom." In all this, nothing is new, but the form: and even this is not without precedent; for Dr. Franklin drew up a liturgy for the worship of the sun, as more *philosophical* than that of an invisible object! The transition from Deism, either to Idolatry, or to Atheism, is easy: and these several hypotheses have all been decked with plumes borrowed from the Bible, in order to set it aside. Whatever of revealed truth does not at once approve itself to corrupted reason, is of course rejected; and whatever does so, is attributed to reason itself. The pagan Irish legislator evidently designed, indeed, to improve upon the Decalogue, by substituting for the external veneration and stated worship of God, injunctions to mercy and universal beneficence, resting on human authority: but the foolishness of God is still wiser than the wisdom of man. These commands, as sanctioned by *divine* authority, and addressed to the conscience, stand in full force: but what can be made of them as *national* laws? It is not upon human, but upon divine authority, that we are forbidden to covet what is another's, which was the only command of the Decalogue that reached the conscience of Paul. It doubtless operated as a national law no farther than as it authorized the punishment of unsuccessful aims at oppression, theft, adultery, &c.: but how were subjects to be punished for neglecting acts of mercy or beneficence? When will mankind learn, that to fear God is the beginning of wisdom; and that to keep his commands, is understanding? Never have we seen a more striking proof of the miserable shifts to which infidelity reduces its devotees, than the following paragraph of O'Connor. (Vol. i. p. lx.)

"I entertain the *reasonable* hope that you are in a fit temper of mind to investigate the subject, as becomes a being endowed with REASON; that you view the deluge of the Hebrews in its *true* light, viz. the overthrow of the ancient Scythian empire by the Assyrians, like unto the flood of Ogyges, Deucalion, or the Cimbric Chersonese; that you are *aware* the dispersion of mankind in the days of Peleg, is one and the same event as the migrations of the Scythians in consequence of that stupendous revolution; that you are *perfectly* convinced the human species is the growth of every clime."

Dr. Milne, in a work that has lately passed under our review, says of the Chinese philosophers, "they do not any of them, so far as I know, affirm, with some ancient frantic theorists, that man at first grew up spontaneously from the earth, like the flowers and grass." (Chinese Mission, p. 32.) If he learns that a *modern* theorist affirms, not merely that the first human pair, but that the first inhabitants of every country in the world were so produced, how much more *frantic* must he apprehend such a writer to be! The argument which Mr. O'Connor expected *perfectly* to convince his readers, is simply, that when historians describe nations as removing to other countries, they represent these to have been previously inhabited: and the only cause which he assigns for mankind having ceased to grow out of the earth,

is that it became too dry and solid. "Then such that had animal life began to increase their kind by mutual copulation." (Vol. i. p. cxli.) Such certainly was a common opinion of ancient heathens: such might have been ours, had we, like them, been ignorant of the Bible: and such, as appears in this instance, may yet be the opinion of those who shut their eyes to the light of Divine revelation!

FROM THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

Analysis of the Travels of M. Amedee Jaubert, in Armenia and Persia, in 1805 and 1806. By M. JOMARD, Member of the National Institute of France.

THE author of this work is that intrepid traveller who has undertaken a journey to Kirgius for the purpose of importing the Cachemire goat into France. He was previously known for several excursions into Turkey and Persia, and for the part he took in the memorable expedition to Egypt.

There has appeared during the last twenty years a multitude of accounts relative to Persia and the surrounding countries; and the authors are in general worthy of public esteem and gratitude for the care they have taken in observing and describing these different countries.

M. Jaubert had an advantage over most of them by which he has profited: the diplomatic office he held gave him access to every person of consideration; and it is only by the help of powerful men, that a European can break through the restraints, which in the East must prevent him from studying, and observing deeply, places, men, and things. The ability to converse with the natives in their own language is also another very important advantage, which M. Jaubert possessed; and he was thereby enabled to collect a thousand anecdotes which must otherwise have escaped him. This advantage is not less precious to the traveller than the sextant and the compass.

The principal object of M. Jaubert's travels was to ascertain at the court of Persia, if it were true that the king desired the assistance of the French government against his enemies. Several motives rendered secrecy and diligence necessary, and he went from Paris to Constantinople in thirty-five days. Selim, who at that time filled the Turkish throne, recollected the traveller, who had executed a commission for him; and, in spite of Russian influence, our author obtained firmans which enabled him to travel over the Turkish provinces. An Armenian who had brought the letter of the king of Persia joined him, as well as a Tartar of the Grand Signior, and a French servant. They embarked for Trebizond, whence they departed directly for Erzeroum. There M. Jaubert was recognised by a certain Ahmed Agha, intendant governor of the custom-house, who six years before had received many civilities from the French army in Egypt, after having been stripped of every thing by the Arabs; fortunately it was our author, then secretary to the interpreter, who had transmitted to him the papers of the French general. The gratitude of Ahmed procured M. Jaubert, on his return, the means of entering the Persian territory.

Erze-Roum, the principal city of Armenia, has seventy thousand inhabitants, and is situated a short distance from the sources of the Araxes. The country, though deprived of trees, is extremely fertile; but it is exposed to the incursions of the Kourdes, a wandering people resembling in their manners the Arabian shepherds. The borders of the Araxes and the Euphrates are laid waste by the Kourdes, as those of the Nile are by the Bedouins. To avoid Bayazid our traveller, who had prudently adopted the Armenian costume, directed his course towards Mount Ararat, and arrived towards night at a large village named Arzab; where the Kiahia forbade him to proceed, in the name of Mahmoud, Pacha of Bayazid. He was surrounded by seven soldiers armed with pistols and poignards, and desired to explain the purport of his journey. "I am an Armenian," replied he, "and I am going to Erivan to perform a pilgrimage to the convent of the three churches." The chief of the troop, who had acted by the secret orders of Mahmoud, made the travellers prisoners. M. Jaubert took advantage of a favourable opportunity, and secreted the papers and presents of which he was the bearer. An hour before daybreak he was taken to Bayazid. The Pacha, a deceitful and cruel man, pretended to set him at liberty, and retained the Tartar and Armenian as prisoners. This latter, being put to the torture, confessed the object of the journey, and was soon after strangled. Our traveller, obliged in his turn to make some confessions, was reassured by the insinuating manners of Mahmoud; who declared his zeal for the court of Persia, promised him help and protection, and even gave him an escort to accompany him to the place of his destination. "I hold thee," said he, "in my hands as a flower that I wish to keep from every breath of wind," and he added some perfidious words, whose covert meaning M. Jaubert could not understand. He refused the usual presents, and in order to procure a list of those persons whom our traveller intended to take with him, he carried his dissimulation so far, as to declare himself responsible for their safety. After all these demonstrations, human prudence could not foresee the Pacha's designs.

Our traveller then departed under an escort of Kourdes, accompanied by the Tartar and two servants, but deprived of the assistance of his Armenian guide. The escort soon increased; every moment fresh soldiers arrived. At length they cross the river which runs at the foot of Mount Ararat, and serves as a frontier to the Turkish possessions; they land, and while M. Jaubert was congratulating himself on his arrival in the Persian territory, he was suddenly surrounded by the Kourdes; one seized him in the middle of his body, another tied his arms, and a third disarmed him. They blindfolded him, turned his face towards the ground, and bound in the same manner his servants and the Tartar. They then carried them all into a solitary valley. Some hours after, M. Jaubert and his attendants were conducted to a lonely castle, where Mahmoud expected them—he pretended to have received from Constantinople an order to seize the person of the traveller, but protested that no attempt should be made on his life. He afterwards caused him to be thrown into a frightful cave, thirty feet under ground, with his three companions. This cavern, five feet wide, and sixteen long, had neither bed, table, nor chair; and upon the ground lay the dead body of a bey, recently assassinated by order of the Pacha.

In the morning a feeble light penetrated to the pit. The jailer raised the trap-door, and by the help of a cord let down some ounces of bread and sour milk for the use of the prisoners: such was their only support during a captivity of four months. The air of the prison was suffocating and infectious; and every day they expected would be their last. To all M. Jaubert's misfortunes were added the complaints and reproaches of his fellow sufferers, and while his time passed heavily in this cruel anxiety, several of the Kourdes, who had taken them, came to him from the Pacha; who, not understanding the papers which he had found in the boxes, and being ignorant of the use of the arms, the spectacles, and other objects of curiosity, wished to have them explained. After having satisfied the inquiries of these wretches, M. Jaubert was sent back to his dungeon. A relation of the governor of the castle and the governor himself, who took pity on the prisoners, came sometimes to console them, and brought them news; but the Pacha had vowed their destruction. Three months expired in this manner, their clothes were all in rags, sleep had forsaken their eyes, and their situation was desperate. The Pacha, to avoid the reproaches of the Porte, or the vengeance of Persia, propagated false reports; but he still hesitated to make an end of his victims. Such was their horrible situation, when all at once the plague broke out at Bagazid. It had not appeared for twenty-four years. The Kourdes fell victims to it, and Mahmoud was attacked; in his delirium he condemned the strangers to death, but he himself died before his rage was satisfied.

His son Ahmed succeeded him, and also condemned the prisoners to death, but as he knew the governor was averse to it, he found a pretext to get rid of him: all was over with these unfortunate men. In his turn Ahmed was struck with the contagion. Terror and superstition induced him to revoke his sanguinary orders; two hours after which he died, and his uncle Ibrahim was acknowledged by the Kourdes. Through the care of the governor's relation a letter from M. Jaubert, written to the court of Persia, arrived at its destination. The governor of Erivan had sent for him to Bayazid, and the Chah of Persia menaced the town with the whole weight of his vengeance if they did not restore him to liberty. Ibrahim being frightened consults the Porte, and in the meantime takes the prisoners from their cavern, and confines them in a stable. The answer of the Porte soon arrives from Constantinople, and the Pacha, for once faithful to the orders of the Grand Signior, sent M. Jaubert to the camp of Youssuf Pacha, who was then advancing towards Armenia at the head of an army. Thus was M. Jaubert miraculously saved from an apparently inevitable death.

The country inhabited by the Kourdes is one of the most interesting the author passed through; it belongs, unequally, to the Turkish and Persian empires. Its extent is, in length, from Mount Ararat at thirty-nine degrees and a half north latitude, to the Kamerin chain of mountains at thirty-four degrees; and in width from Mount Ormiah to the Tigris. On the north is the ancient Colchis, on the east Media, and on the south Chaldea.

Kourdistan produces numerous herds of goats, sheep, and oxen, which constitute its chief wealth; and the management of bees is attended to. The Kourdes are remarkable for their tall stature, fair

complexion, and fine features. Their bodies are covered by large cloaks of black goat skin, and their heads with hats made of red cloth, ornamented with acorns. These wandering people are good soldiers; from military exercises they go to pastoral occupations, and their leisure hours are beguiled with vocal music, for which they have a decided taste. It is true, that the singer they most admire is the one who sings loudest. In other respects, they are distinguished for the same virtues and vices as the Arabs of the desert; the custom of robbing, the love of independence, and great hospitality. In reading the account of the manners of these tribes, I fancied myself in the tent of a Bedouin. The Kourde cannot marry without the consent of his parents, whatever may be his rank or age: paternal authority is to him inviolable. The author adds, (a reflection worthy of notice,) that the traveller amongst the Kourdes ought to fear in proportion to the extent of their hospitality. "*You are welcome,*" says the Kourde, whose hut the traveller passes; "*the stranger is a present from God: let him want nothing: misfortune is sacred.*" This very man, when traversing the mountains or deserts, is a ferocious robber, who strips his guest without mercy. The secret, which distinguishes the Kourde robber, is, to know how to flatter and deceive him whose wealth they covet.

On the 19th of February, 1806, Mr. Jaubert left Bagazid to go to the Turkish army, and he met with mountains at the defile of Kusseh-day that were covered with snow, whose brilliancy caused a painful ophthalmia in all who did not wear a black veil, and neglected to stop up their nostrils. The hurricanes were also very dangerous. The *ten thousand* Greeks under Zenophon met with the same difficulties at this passage. Youssuf Pacha knew the author personally, having seen him in Egypt after his fatal loss at the battle of Heliopolis. He gave M. Jaubert a very distinguished reception, in consequence of having just received news of the great victory gained by the French at Austerlitz. He promised to send him safe to his destination, and, at the same time cautioned him against the politeness and agreeable manners of the Persians, who, although so much thought of in Europe, are deficient in frankness and sincerity. The author, while he was waiting to hear from the Ottoman Porte, visited the Christian churches in this part of Armenia. At length his orders arrived, and he quitted the camp of the Osmanlis on the first of April, with an escort of twenty men; on the third day he reached Erz-Inglian, the ancient Satala, upon the Euphrates near one of the chains of Taurus. From thence he arrived five days after at Erze-Roum. Avoiding the road to Bagazid, he directed his course north, towards Khenes, Melez-ghird and Van, which gives its name to a little inland sea. A little way from the second of these towns is the high mountain, called Seiban-dagh, from whose summit the eye commands a circumference of fifty leagues: the Yezidis, a Kourde tribe, terrible to travellers, inhabit the foot of the mountain; they worship the evil spirit, and consider robbery and murder lawful. In a defile near the lake of Van, the caravan met a troop, who, in consideration of a present, suffered it to pass without molestation. The lake of Van is ninety leagues round; its trade is very brisk, and the fishing considerable: eminences covered with trees surround it on all sides; the climate is mild, and the land fertile, and the town is surrounded by delicious gardens. The Pacha received

the author with great distinction; gave him an escort; and by one of these revolutions so very frequent among the Turks, he perished three days after, being assassinated by a rival. From Van, M. Jaubert directed his course towards Cotourah, the last village in Turkey: he soon came in sight of Khoï, where the aspect of the country suddenly changes:—politeness of manner, health of the inhabitants, richness and variety of cultivation, elegance of language, every thing announces the Persian territory.

Khoï is a fortified town containing twenty-five thousand inhabitants. The governor endeavoured by innumerable civilities, to make our traveller forget the horrid treatment he had met with from the Kourdes. At his first stage from Khoï, the author was not a little surprised to find lodgings and food prepared for him; but his astonishment was still greater to find himself received, at the entrance of a little village, with compliments in verse, rather flattering and high-flown it is true, but couched in great purity of language.

After crossing a short desert, he arrived at Merend, the ancient Morunda, where opium and cochineal are found. The distance from this place to Tauris is reckoned eighteen leagues. The rivers he crossed in his route emptied themselves into the lake of Ormiah, another inland sea that derives its name from a town, celebrated as the birth-place of Zoroaster. Tauris has been shaken by earthquakes; and if Chardin were to revisit it, he would no longer know it. The waters of the lake are bituminous, so that no fish can live in it. From time immemorial, the country has been torn by volcanic eruptions. The old name, Atropatene, as well as the modern one, Aderbidjan, signifies *land of fire*; and the author thinks that the mountains already mentioned, Ararat, Seiban, and Kusseh-Dag, have formerly emitted fire. The whole country is full of sulphuric mineral waters, and sulphur is plentiful: naphtha or petroleum is found there, and the inhabitants make use of it for lights. According to our author, Tauris is not the ancient Ecbatana, but the Gaza of the Medes; it is now the second city of Persia, and is surrounded by towers; with a population amounting to fifty thousand. Aderbidjan was governed by the Prince Abbas-Mirza, son of the Chah: when the author arrived in this province, Feth-Aly-Kan, a well-informed and agreeable man, who had accompanied Mr. Malcolm in his first voyage to Persia, was then lieutenant of the Begler-beg: he lodged M. Jaubert in his magnificent palace, a delicious residence, breathing voluptuousness and effeminacy: his conversation constantly turned either on the discoveries of the Europeans in the sciences, the great success at that time of the French nation, or upon the wisdom and glory of the reigning king, Feth-Aly-Chah.

From Tauris our traveller, instead of going on towards Tehéran, travelled eastward, through Seidabad, Serab, and Ardebil, in order to visit the camp of Abbas-Mirza, not far from the Caspian sea: in this country the houses are built below the soil, like several parts of Armenia and Georgia, where the inhabitants lodge under ground. Ardebil is the mart for all the caravans travelling from Tiflis to Tehéran and Ispahan: at this place, M. Jaubert, who had resumed his European dress, became the object of general and disagreeable curiosity. On his arrival at the camp of the young Persian prince, he was treated with the greatest distinction. Abbas-Mirza had recently

gained some advantage over the Russians; but the renown of the victories of the French armies excited his admiration, and he wished to have a faithful account of them: he also wished to inform himself of every thing remarkable that had taken place amongst the ancients as well as moderns; the events of the French expedition to Egypt, the bravery of the Mamelukes, the life of the ferocious Djezzar, &c. On this occasion our traveller related his mission in 1804, to the Pacha of Acre, in the suite of General Sebastiani, and the singular conversations of this sanguinary man. Abbas-Mirza departed in order to take the field, and our author left for Khalkhal, and afterwards for Zinghian and Sultanieh, in Persian Irac: this last town, lately flourishing and full of inhabitants, is now an immense mass of ruins, the effect of civil wars: beyond it is the fertile valley of Abher, which follows the desert of Cazbin: this country produces excellent wine and pistachios. Our author witnessed at Cazbin a brilliant fete, in honour of the birth of three princes of the blood-royal: music, poetry, illuminations, flowers, dancing, and the most delicious perfumes embellished a splendid repast, where the wine of Schiraz was profusely drunk, in defiance of the law of Mahomet.

From Cazbin he travelled in three days to Tehéran, the capital of Persia, escorted by a numerous and magnificent cavalry that Feth-Aly-Chah the king had sent him. The Adjutant-Général Romieux, although he left France on the same mission after M. Jaubert, arrived before him at Tehéran, by the way of Bagdad, but he died no one knew how, before the arrival of M. Jaubert. After the accustomed visits to the Vizier and the ministers, our traveller obtained his first audience of the Sovereign. We must refer our readers to the original for the curious account of his reception: when he made his first obeisance, he was kept so far off, that he could scarcely see the throne of Feth-Aly-Chah. The master of the ceremonies having announced him to the king, he replied "You are welcome;" after which a Vizier conducted him to the hall of audience, the magnificence of which is beyond expression; millions of diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and sapphires, glittered on all sides: the king, covered with the finest diamonds, had three of his sons with him. After reading the credentials, the audience lasted an hour: Feth-Aly-Chah felt pleasure in conversing with an European without the assistance of an interpreter. The palace-gardens are not like those of the Turks, planted without either order or taste, nor are they like those of Egypt, entirely deprived of turf; there are serpentine walks, with basins of marble *jets d'eau*, &c. carpets of rich verdure, and a great variety of flowers.

Amongst the trees are the plantain, willow, poplar, &c., which surround the mysterious pavilion, where the Chah goes every day. The account of this voluptuous place, where the most beautiful women in Asia, aspire to the favour of their sovereign, must be read in the original: the miniatures of all those, who have succeeded in pleasing him, ornament one of the rooms, and their number is very considerable. The library contains some precious manuscripts, among which our author saw a poem of Feth-Aly-Chah's own composition. Tehéran has been the capital of the empire since the year 1794, which was in the reign of Mahomet Kan. The fortifications are inferior—the population inconsiderable—and the air unhealthy.

This was the time of the annual military review, and the king was desirous of taking M. Jaubert with him; but a violent fever, caused by the unhealthiness of Tehéran, detained him with Aly-Chah-Abbas. The king's chief physician, Mirza-Chefi, received orders to take every care of him; and his own life would be endangered if he did not restore his patient to health: this doctor ordered him, amongst other medicines, stewed rice, raw cucumbers, and green fruit: another physician of the royal harem advised him to pray to the prophet Ali. Happily he escaped both these orders, and got well in spite of cucumbers and rice. The king's physician was afraid at first that M. Jaubert would share the fate of M. Romieux, who, after having escaped assassination from the Arabs in the desert of Orfa, and received an excellent reception from the king, suddenly died, with his travelling companion; or that of M. Outrey, vice-consul of Bagdad, and brother-in-law to the author, who had also been attacked with violent and dangerous illness: the complaints of our traveller, however, had a different origin, and soon yielded to the care of his friends. At last arrived at the camp of Sultanich, he assisted for forty days at the hunting parties of Feth-Aly-Chah, and at the reviews of troops, employing himself during the time with the purport of his mission: he at length obtained his audience of leave, and received magnificent presents: the king assured him that he much wished to be in amity with the French nation; and promised to receive with politeness all Frenchmen, who should be induced to visit Persia through curiosity or business. On the 14th of July, M. Jaubert set out with a numerous escort, accompanied by M. Dupré, son of the French consul at Trebizond, who came to Tehéran, to bring the news of the peace of Presbourg; Mirza-Chefi still attending him, had to answer with his head for the safety of the traveller. His route was nearly the same as that by which he came, by Taurus, the lake of Ormiah, and Khoi: at this last place he parted from the royal physician; for whose safety he provided for in his turn, by giving him a certificate of his good health.

Thence the travellers went to Van. In this place is the convent of the seven churches, inhabited by Armenian monks, less rigid in their diet than the monks of La Trappe. They then passed an arm of the Euphrates, near Touzla, which they crossed with the help of leather bottles; and lastly, the Araxes, which is in the same mountains as the Tigris and the Euphrates. Arrived at Erze-Roum, the Persian escort quitted M. Jaubert, who took the road to Djennés, which he considered the same place as Gymnias, known by the retreat of the *ten thousand* (rather than Kenes, as Mr. Macdonald Kinneir thought); then he reached Tchiftlik, the silver mines of Gumach-Khaneh, and the fine country of Trebizond, the end of M. Jaubert's voyage in Asia Minor. At this place he embarked directly for Constantinople. Bad weather forced the travellers to stay at several places on the southern borders of the Black Sea, as Thermeh, the ancient Themisciza, the fabled country of the Amazons, Samsoun or Amisus, and Sinope; which gave him an opportunity of observing the soil, climate, and produce. The author was desirous of going by land to Sinope, but was prevented by a bloody battle being fought on the same day between the Turks and the inhabitants of Djanik, a country of the Mosinœques and Chalybes. The bridge was broken, and the streets of

Bafrar were full of the dead and wounded. He returned to the coast, whence the ship had sailed, but fortunately a Greek vessel took him on board, and landed him at Sinope. This ancient capital of the kingdom of Pontus, the country of Diogenes the Cynic, and Mithridates, is so well known, that we shall pass slightly over the traveller's description of it. He found there M. Fourcade, the French consul, a man distinguished for various acquirements, and whose premature death is still remembered with regret by the scholar, the geographer, and the antiquary. From Sinope he went by land to Ineboli, and embarked for the celebrated town of Amastrah, where still exists the remains of a temple of Neptune, and the valley of Bartin, anciently Parthenius, which, though almost unknown or neglected, is a most fertile and picturesque country.

M. Jaubert next arrived at Heraclea, an inhospitable country, and dangerous to Europeans, of which he presents his readers with an interesting account from the pen of M. Allier de Hauteroche. He found at this place a forty-gun frigate, which in two days carried him to Tarapia, a town on the Bosphorus, where the French ambassador, General Sebastiani, was waiting for him; in the general's society he soon forgot his privations, his fatigues, and his misfortunes.

Here the narrative of M. Jaubert closes: it is full of simplicity and truth: and his descriptions are replete with energy and grace.

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ON THE INFLUENCE OF THE MOON UPON THE SEASONS.

Translated from a Paper of M. Olbers, in "Annales de Chimie et de Physique. Fevrier, 1822."

THE moon acts upon the earth in a manner certain and demonstrable; for it enlightens our nights, it draws the earth a little from its elliptic orbit, it occasions a small oscillation in the earth's axis, it produces the flux and reflux of the sea, and an analogous but less motion in the atmosphere. But it has been the general opinion of mankind, from time immemorial, that, beside these demonstrable effects, the moon, according to its different phases, exercises a considerable influence upon the weather, upon the health of mankind, upon animals, upon vegetation, and on chemical operations. Experience alone can throw light upon this subject; for it is possible that the moon may have an influence upon our atmosphere, produced by the different forces of attraction which it exercises at different times,—and also by its light. Long and well-conducted experiments have completely refuted such hypotheses; they have proved, that neither the lunar phases, nor the situation of the moon with respect to the sun and earth, have scarcely any influence upon the weather; for no fixed relation whatever can be discovered between them, notwithstanding the vast number of trials and observations which have been made for a great number of years. The results deduced from one series of meteorological observations, are always contradicted by another series: we cite, for example, Howard, who believed he had discovered that the barometer rose most frequently in the quadratures, and that its fall

was most common in the syzgies. Cotte, on the contrary, to whom meteorology is so much indebted, and who commenced in order to confirm the remark of Howard, afterwards found by twenty years' observation, that the barometer was the highest at the time of the *new* moons, and lowest at the time of the *full* moons. Lalande and Larmark have drawn from their observations the most opposite results, respecting the effects of the moon in her passage by the plane of the equator. But a decisive proof of the small influence of the moon, appears to me to result from this circumstance, that this influence, by whatever forces it may be produced, known or unknown, ought to be the greatest possible between the tropics; however, in the equatorial regions, not a trace of it can be found. In these countries, the heat, the rain, the winds, &c. all depend on the distance of the sun from the zenith of the place, without any regard to the situation or the phases of the moon. We may be yet more convinced of the smallness of this influence, if we reflect that the most opposite weather, in different parts, takes place at the same instant of time, and consequently, under the same lunar phase. This fact is determined, with the greatest evidence, by the accounts of the weather which we receive from different places during the time of an eclipse. M. Bode, for example, has collected the remarks made during the time of the solar eclipse which happened on the 18th of November, 1816; where we perceive a strange mixture of good and bad weather, without any respect to order, spread, during this day, through a great part of Europe. Professor Brandes, having compared, with great labour, but in a very instructive manner, the variation of the weather which took place over a great part of the earth's surface in 1783, found no relation between it and the lunar phases; and if a variation in the weather appeared to coincide with these phases in any one country, no variations, or opposite variations, would take place in other countries. The periods of eighteen and of nineteen years make no discovery of any sensible analogy in the variations of the weather, during the years equally distant from these intervals.

Some have pretended to have remarked sensible effects produced by the rising of the moon, and by her culmination; but the phenomena cited by them, either do not prove this influence, or are not accurate. Several of our mariners also hold, that the full moon, when rising, dissipates the clouds; but this prejudice owes its origin to the circumstance, that the clouds commonly disappear during a tranquil evening, and consequently also at the rising of the moon, according to a very just remark of M. Brandes. The pretended observation, that a storm cannot approach from the zenith at the time of full moon, contradicts itself; for the electric cloud which is at the horizon of one place, is at the zenith of another place not many miles distant. But in asserting that the lunar influence upon the season is extremely weak, and that it is nearly lost among the other causes which produce a variation in the weather, we are not certain that the moon does not produce some little effect. Let us see what the theory seems to indicate. The moon and sun produce, twice in twenty-four hours fifty minutes, a flux and reflux, both in the ocean and in the atmosphere: these motions vary with the phases of the moon; they are the strongest in the new and full moons, and the weakest in the first and last quarters. Let us suppose, for example, that the tides of the atmosphere produce

a change of .0354 of an inch in the height of the barometer, in syzygies; it will produce only half that variation in the quadratures. Now, though these effects are so weak, it is not impossible but that the strong tides at the new and full moon may *dispose* the atmosphere to receive considerable motion. We dare not, therefore, declare as absolutely false, the observations which some philosophers pretend to have made, namely, that more storms happen at the time of new and full moon, than at the time of the quadratures. It is the same with respect to the passage of the moon through the equator, and through the perigee; at these times it may act as an *exciting cause*, although no violent motion be produced by it in the atmosphere.

The moon may also have an influence upon the variation of the weather, in an indirect manner; that is, by the motion of the waters of the ocean, at least upon some coasts. It is true, that, in the open sea, the height of the tides never exceeds three or four feet; but upon the coasts, in bays, and narrow channels, the rise of the tides is much more considerable. At Brest, for example, it rises more than twenty feet, and at Bristol more than fifty. Ought not the motion of these large masses of water to occasion some variations in the atmosphere, especially as they appear to have a small influence on the electricity of the air? The inhabitants of the sea-coasts believe it to be a fact, that the changes in the weather, and the force and direction of the wind and clouds, depend on the tides. We may here observe, that the tides of the ocean, and those of the atmosphere, do not happen at the same instant, though both are produced by the sun and moon, and both have the same period. The air being easily moved, and not being hindered by any obstacle, instantly obeys the attractive force of the moon; but the waters of the ocean are more tardy in obeying this force. On this account, the atmospheric tides immediately follow the passage of the moon over the meridian; but high water, in the open sea, does not take place till three hours afterwards; and on coasts, and in bays, it happens still later. It is possible, then, that the *mediate* and *immediate* effects of the moon upon the atmosphere, in some places, mutually destroy each other; and this is perhaps the cause why the astronomer Horsley, at Oxford, could not perceive, in the English observations, any relation between the weather and the phases of the moon; while Toaldo, at Padua, believed that he *could distinguish* the moon's influence in the observations made during fifty years by Poleni. Now, though I would not deny but that the results deduced from observations by Toaldo might be partly true for the climate of Italy, I must still observe, that, from the great number of exceptions to his rules, he was himself convinced that the lunar influence was *extremely small*. A series of experiments, for many years, has convinced me, that in our climate, where the weather is subject to more considerable and more numerous variations, the rules of Toaldo are entirely wrong. For example, on the 7th of December, 1813, the full moon coincided with the perigee, and two days after the moon had its greatest northern declination; so that, from the principles of Toaldo, the lunar influence ought to have been the greatest possible; but, notwithstanding all this, there was not any sensible change in the weather. I believe, then, that I have *demonstrated*, that the influence of the moon upon the weather is so small, that it is totally

lost among the infinite number of other forces and causes which change the equilibrium of our very moveable atmosphere. The influence of the moon upon the weather, and upon the atmosphere, being so insensible, we are entitled very much to suspect its pretended influence either upon men, animals, or plants. In fact, it is *all of it* due to illusion and prejudice. It is evident that the duration of the period of some phenomena exhibited by men in health, agree only nearly, and never exactly, with the lunar revolutions; and that these phenomena show themselves under every phase of the moon, not only in persons of the same age, and of the same constitution, but also in the same individual. This alone is sufficient to show that the moon has no influence, and all *modern physicians* are agreed on this point.

I have little faith in the observation of Sanctorius; namely, that men in health gain one or two pounds in weight at the commencement of the month, and that they lose as much towards the end. In the same manner, observations made with the greatest care, have induced me to doubt very much the remark cited by the poet Lucilius, and often since repeated: namely, that lobsters, oysters, and other shell-fish, are fatter while the moon is on the increase, than when she is decreasing. A very little attention will convince us of the nullity of this assertion; especially if we can but credit the remarks made by the able physician, Rohault. I have the greatest confidence in the very careful experiments made by the celebrated agriculturists, Laquinterie, Nardmann, Reichard, and Hartenfels; also by the great naturalists, Buffon and Reaumur; who proved distinctly, that the increase or decrease of the moon had no influence, either upon the germination of seeds, or upon the increase of plants, or upon the rapidity of their development, or upon their quality. I have also much difficulty in believing, that the light of the moon produces a particular effect different from that of any other light. The experiments made in Rome, in 1783, by Athan. Cavallon, and repeated by Bertholon de Saint-Lazare, prove nothing respecting lunar light augmenting evaporation; in the same manner I assert, that those of Weitz, made with potash at Lautenberg, prove nothing respecting the lunar rays drawing forth humidity. If, in South America and Batavia, they have such a dread of moonlight, I should attribute the pretended pernicious effects said to be produced, more to the humidity of the air, and to the coldness of the nights, than to the effect of any influence of the moon. Bontius observed the tetanus to take place at Java most frequently during the night, in the rainy season; and he expressly remarked, that the two terrible diseases so frequent in the East Indies, namely, the cholera morbus and the dysentery, most frequently took place during the rainy months of summer. The celebrated Reil observes, that sailors have become incapable of supporting daylight from having slept exposed to the light of the moon. I have, however, never heard from our sailors any complaint of this kind. M. Reil also asserts, that children sleep less tranquilly when the moon is on the increase. Having had no experience on this subject, I cannot speak decidedly as to the truth of it; but, in any case, we could explain it without having recourse to the influence of the moon. I should be glad to know if painters have really remarked that the feeble light of the moon has an effect upon their colours, as they have pretended it

has.* In a word, experience does not prove any particular influence of the moon's phases upon animal organization; and the theory given by R. Mead is absolutely false. I can positively assert, that I have always been attentive to this subject, with respect to sick persons, during the long time that I have practised medicine, and that I never perceived any relation between the courses of the moon and my patients, or between their symptoms and the means of effecting cures. Neither have I remarked any influence of the lunar phases, either on diseases caused by worms, or dropsy, tumours, or even on epileptic diseases; I will not, however, deny, contrary to so many ancient observations, but that the moon may have some influence in particular diseases.

Among all the instruments we can employ, in order to detect natural agents, otherwise imperceptible, the most sensible, as Laplace has very properly observed, are the nerves, the sensibility of which is often increased by disease. It is by means of the nerves that we can discover the feeble electricity produced by the contact of two metals; and it can only be owing to the extreme sensibility of the nerves, that some sick persons are able to perceive the influence of the moon in particular situations, that influence being so extremely small.

It may also be this circumstance, perhaps, which has discovered to physicians that there is a relation between the lunar phases and the access of epilepsy and insanity, I dare not decide whether we are to explain in this manner the remarks made by Diemerbræck and Remuzzini, respecting the pestilential fevers which raged in the years 1636, 1692, 1693, and 1694. It could, however, be owing to nothing but accident, that so many persons affected with fever died, during the time of the lunar eclipse, which happened on the 21st of January, 1693. The influence of the moon upon the crisis of diseases, taught by Galen, and defended so long in the schools of medicine, is contradicted by experience, at least in Europe; and if Balfour be right, in asserting that there is a connexion between the tides and the access of endemic fevers in India, and that the crisis of fevers happens but at the moment when the luni-solar action begins to decrease, we can only so far agree with him, that this effect only takes place near the sea-coast. In general, we must read those authors, who refer so many things to the effects of the moon on diseases, with considerable distrust. It is here, as in many cases of reverie—we only *see* it when we *believe* it. A belief in this influence can only deceive the observer, who, otherwise fond of truth, shares this belief with the sick person; and thus it is that hope and fear excite in the imagination effects to which the moon does not in any way contribute. Thus, also, it was in former times. People in general were afraid of eclipses of the sun and moon, and believed that these phenomena exercised certain pernicious influences over sick persons, and persons possessed of weak nerves; now, absolutely no sick person perceives the effect, and the physicians pay no attention to it.

* Experiments made at the Royal Observatory at Paris, have proved that the light of the moon, condensed by a very powerful lens, had no effect whatever in altering chemical products, though very sensibly, and easily affected by the light of the sun.—*Note by the French Translator.*

FROM THE RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW.

Poems, with the Muses' Looking-Glasse, Amyntas, Jealous Lovers, Aristippus. By Thomas Randolph, M. A. and late Fellow of Trinity College, in Cambridge. 1640.

THOMAS RANDOLPH was one of those bright spirits, which burn too fast, cast a vivid flash over their time, and then suddenly expire. He seems to have been so supplied with vigour, both mental and corporeal, as to have started, pursued, and ended his race, by the time that the phlegmatic genius of other men is just ready for the course. He died before the age of twenty-nine, and yet can hardly be said to have lived a shorter time than other men; with such enjoyment did he consume his minutes, in such a state of excitement did he spend his days and nights; such a number of ideas flashed through his brain; so many kindred spirits doubled his gratifications by sharing his pleasures. He passed through the university, where the brilliancy of his wit, and the liveliness of his manners made him a general favourite; and where his talents ensured him success, and his poetical productions brought him in a large harvest of fame, which, on his removal from Cambridge to London, secured him a most cordial reception from the wits and poets of the metropolis. A band, which, with Ben Jonson at their head, was never more brilliant, active, joyous, and important, than when our young poet sparkled away his nights with them "in those lyric feasts" at the Sun, the Dog, the "Triple Tun,"

"Where they such clusters had
As made them nobly wild, not mad."

He was soon joined with Cartwright, as the adopted son, in the Muses, of Jonson himself, a distinction, which all who know the character of that great writer, will allow to be no ordinary proof of the qualifications of Randolph. In such company, and with such pursuits as this volume shows, he blazed out his life and died, at Blatherwyke, in Northamptonshire, in the year 1635; it is said in great poverty, but biographers, and especially the cynical Antony Wood, are so fond of plunging poets into excesses, misery, and wretchedness, that we know not what credit to give to the report. In the university he was a fellow on one of the most wealthy and considerable foundations: when he died, he had a brother at Christ Church, Oxford: his death took place at the house of an ancient family in Staffordshire, with the ancestors of whom he was buried, and had a monument erected to his memory, at the charge of his friend, Lord Hatton.—So that we will venture to hope, that the close of a short life of great industry and high enjoyment was not embittered by the pains of want and neglect. This volume of poems, which was published after his death by his brother, is ushered in by a number of recommendatory verses, which speak the language of affection and respect, and encourage the hope that those who lamented his death, protected his life.

"Such was his genius, like the quick eyes' work,
He could write sooner than another think;
His play was fancy's flame, a lightning wit,
So shot, that it could sooner pierce than hit."

These lines are from a much greater number of verses written on Randolph's death, by his friend Owen Feltham, the author of the *Re-*
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solves, and if we may trust them, and the other elegies, particularly those by his brother, the great learning, quick genius, and various accomplishments of this extraordinary man, make us deeply regret that he lived to finish nothing more than this volume contains. He appears to have been not only a wit and poet, but to have filled the office of moderator in the schools of Cambridge, in such a manner as to attract the notice of the oldest and subtlest logicians.

"The grave divines stood gazing, as if there
In words was colour, or in the eye an ear,
To hear him they would penetrate each other,
Embrace a throng, and love a noisome smother."

His ready eloquence and lively fancy seem to have been as serviceable at court, as his ingenuity and learning in the schools.

"Was he at court? his compliments would be
Rich wrought with fancy's best embroidery;
Which the spruce gallants echo-like would speak
So oft, as they'd be threadbare in a week;
They lov'd even his abuses, the same jeer,
So witty 'twas, would sting and please the ear."

His skill in language too is thus finely recorded by Feltham, though in the language of panegyric.

"Nor could he only in his native speech
Robe his ripe thoughts, but even the copious, rich,
And lofty Greek, with Latin, did appear
In him, as orient in their proper sphere:
That when in them, he pleased himself to express,
The ravish'd hearer could not but confess
He might as well old Rome, or Athens, claim
For birth, as Britain, circled with the main.
'Tis true, we have these languages still left,
But spoken, as apparell, got by theft,
Is worn, disguis'd and shadow'd. Had he
Liv'd with us, till grave maturity,
Though we should ever in his change have lost,
We might have gain'd enough, whereof to boast
Our nation's better genius, but now
Our hopes are nipp'd, ere they began to blow."

The qualifications of Randolph as a poet, we fortunately need not rest on the word of a panegyrist. The poems speak for themselves. In listening to their voice, however, it should be remembered, that they appear without the stamp of his authority, and are not entitled to be considered as undoubted testimonies of his poetical talent. He himself did not publish them, nor write them for publication, doubtless reserving himself for some effort worthy of his gifted muse. Such as they are, they bear evidence of a most varied and highly endowed nature; for they are full of lively sallies of wit and fancy, deep learning, shrewd observations on man, and eloquent descriptions of passions. It is to be lamented that their only fault is one of very constant recurrence, which unfortunately casts a shade on too many of the productions of this writer's time. They are not only marked by a coarseness of language and plainness of expression, but too common among his contemporaries, but likewise indulge in warm and highly coloured descriptions, and dwell upon themes of an indelicate nature. While we regret that our poet should have thus given the reins to a

prurient imagination, it must be recollected that he intended the circulation of his poems to be limited, and that many were probably written in moments of elevation, and thrown aside, and forgotten until after his death, when they were raked together by his brother, for the purpose of publication. Being, however, disfigured by this blemish, and rendered unfit for general perusal, while at the same time there is much which is deserving of notice and admiration, they come precisely within the plan of our work, whose principle it is to rescue the remains of neglected genius from oblivion, and whose pride it will ever be, while it promotes the cause of literature, never to forget the interests of virtue and morality.

This volume consists of two parts, the first being a collection of miscellaneous poems; the second, plays and dramatic pieces; from each of which we will proceed to make our extracts. The first poem in the book, on "The inestimable content he enjoys in the Muses; to those of his friends who dehort him from poetry," is a most ingenious and eloquent composition, beginning with a very amusing specimen of the poetical wisdom, in praise of poverty, which unfortunately holds only in verse, and proceeding to some very fine vigorous satire on the folly of hoarding, written with all the strength, without the grossness, of Juvenal.

"Lord of my self in chief; when they that have
More wealth, make that their Lord, which is my slave.
Yet I as well as they, with more content,
Have in myself a household government.
My intellectual soul hath here possess'd
The steward's place to govern all the rest.
When I go forth my eyes two ushers are,
And dutifully walk before me bare.
My legs run footmen by me. Go or stand
My ready arms wait close on either hand:
My lips are porters to the dangerous door:
And either ear a trusty auditor.
And when abroad I go, fancy shall be
My skilful coachman, and shall hurry me
Through heaven and earth, and Neptune's watery plain,
And in a moment drive me back again.
The charge of all my cellar, thirst, is thine;
Thou butler art, and yeoman of my wine.
Stomach the cook, whose dishes best delight,
Because their only sauce is appetite.
My other cook, digestion; where to me
Teeth carve, and palate will the taster be.
And the two eyelids, when I go to sleep,
Like careful grooms my silent chamber keep,
Where, lest a cold oppress my vital part,
A gentle fire is kindled by the heart.
And lest too great a heat procure my pain,
The lungs fan wind to cool those parts again.
Within the inner closet of my brain
Attend the nobler members of my train.
Invention, master of my mint grows there,
And memory, my faithful treasurer.
And though in others 'tis a treacherous part,
My tongue is secretary to my heart.
And then the pages of my soul and sense,
Love, anger, pleasure, grief, concupiscence,
And all affections else, are taught t' obey
Like subjects, not like favourites to sway.

This is my manor-house, and men shall see
 There I live master of my family.
 Say then, thou man of wealth; in what degree
 May thy proud fortunes over-balance me?
 Thy many barks plough the rough ocean back;
 And I am never frighted with a wrack.
 Thy flocks of sheep are numberless to tell,
 And with one fleece I can be cloth'd as well.
 Thou hast a thousand several farms to let,
 And I do feed on ne'er a tenant's sweat.
 Thou hast the commons to inclosure brought;
 And I have fix'd a bound to my vast thought.
 Variety is sought for to delight
 Thy witty and ambitious appetite,
 Three elements at least dis-peopled be,
 To satisfy judicious gluttony.
 And yet for this I love my commons here,
 Above the choicest of thy dainty cheer.
 No widow's curse caters a dish of mine,
 I drink no tears of orphans in my wine.
 Thou may'st perchance to some great office come,
 And I can rule a commonwealth at home,
 And that pre-eminence enjoy more free,
 Than thou, puffed up with vain authority.
 What boots it him a large command to have,
 Whose every part is some poor vice's slave?
 Which over him as proudly lords it there,
 As o'er the rustic he can domineer.
 Whilst he poor swains doth threat, in his own eyes
 Lust and concupiscence do tyrannize.
 Ambition racks his heart with jealous fear,
 And bastard flatt'ry captivates his ear.
 He on posterity may fix his care,
 And I can study on the times that were.
 He stands upon a pinnacle, to show
 His dangerous height, whilst I sit safe below.
 Thy father hoards up gold for thee to spend,
 When death will play the office of a friend,
 And take him hence, which yet he thinks too late:
 My nothing to inherit is a fate
 Above thy birth-right, should it double be;
 No longing expectation tortures me.
 I can my father's reverend head survey,
 And yet not wish that every hair were grey.
 My constant genius says, I happier stand
 And richer in his life, than in his land.
 And when thou hast an heir that for thy gold
 Will think each day makes thee a year too old;
 And ever gaping to possess thy store,
 Conceives thy age to be above fourscore
 'Cause his is one and twenty, and will pray
 The too slow hours to haste, and every day
 Bespeaks thy coffin, cursing every bell
 That he hears toll, 'cause 'tis another's knell:
 (And justly at thy life he may repine,
 For his is but a wardship during thine.)
 Mine shall have no such thoughts, if I have one,
 He shall be more a pupil than a son;
 And at my grave weep truth, and say death's hand,
 That bountifully unto thine gave land,
 But robb'd him of a tutor; cursed store!
 There is no piety but amongst the poor,
 Go then confess which of us fathers be
 The happier made in our posterity;

I in my orphan that hath nought beside
His virtue, thou in thy rich parricide.

But you will say, the comfort of a life
Is in the partner of your joys, a wife.
You have made choice of brides, you need not woo
The rich, the fair; they both are proffer'd you:
But what fond virgin will my love prefer,
That only in Parnassus jointure her?
Yet thy base match I scorn, an honest pride
I harbour here, that scorns a market bride.
Neglected beauty now is priz'd by gold;
And sacred love is basely bought and sold:
Wives are grown traffic, marriage is a trade,
And when a nuptial of two hearts is made,
There must of monies too a wedding be,
That coin as well as men may multiply.

O human blindness! had we eyes to see,
There is no wealth to valiant poetry!
And yet what want I, heaven or earth can yield?
Methinks I now possess the Elysian field.
Into my chest the yellow Tagus flows,
While my plate-fleet in bright Pactolus rows;
Th' Hesperian Orchard is mine; mine, is all:
Thus am I rich in wealth poetical.
Why strive you then, my friends, to circumvent
My soul, and rob me of my best content?
Why, out of ignorant love, counsel you me
To leave my muses and my poetry?
Which should I leave and never follow more,
I might perchance get riches and be poor."

We then pass over a number of pieces, original and translated, of various degrees of merit and decency, till we are arrested by the *Elegy on the Lady Venetia Digby*, the commencement of which is worthy of quotation, for the singularity and beauty of its conceit.

"Death, who 'ld not change prerogatives with thee
That doth such rapes, yet must not question'd be?
Here cease thy wanton lust, be satisfi'd,
Hope not a second, and so fair a bride.
Where was her Mars, whose valiant arms did hold
This Venus once, that thou durst be so bold;
By thy too nimble theft I know 'twas fear,
Lest he should come, that would have rescu'd her.
Monster confess, didst thou not blushing stand,
And thy pale cheek turn'd red to touch her hand?
Did she not lightning-like strike sudden heat
Through thy cold limbs, and thaw thy frost to sweat?
Well, since thou hast her, use her gently, Death,
And in requital of such precious breath
Watch sentinel to guard her, do not see
The worms thy rivals, for the gods will be."

Randolph, like Herrick, had the misfortune to lose a finger, and like him has turned his loss to profit, by making it a subject of verse. In this volume, we have two poems dedicated to the memory of the unfortunate limb, and more than two allusions to it. The following is worthy of the occasion:

"Arithmetic, nine digits and no more
Admits of, then I still have all my store,
For what mischance hath taken from my left hand,

It seems did only for a cypher stand.
 But this I'll say for thee, departed joint,
 Thou wert not given to steal, or pick, or point
 At any in disgrace, but thou didst go
 Untimely to thy death, only to show
 The other members what they once must do,
 Hand, arm, leg, thigh, and all must follow too.
 Oft didst thou scan my verse, where if I miss,
 Henceforth I will impute the cause to this;
 A finger's loss (I speak it not in sport)
 Will make a verse sometimes a foot too short:
 Farewell, dear finger, much I grieve to see
 How soon mischance hath made a hand of thee."

Out of thirty-seven "precepts of wisdom," we think two are written with much force and spirit, though we fear the first is slightly tainted with the coarseness of expression which prevails over some of his poems. Like part of the first extract, it smacks of the spirit of Juvenal.

"Fly, drunkenness, whose vile incontinence
 Takes both away the reason and the sense,
 Till with Circean cups thy mind's possest,
 Leaves to be man, and wholly turns a beast.
 Think whilst thou swallowest the capacious bowl,
 Thou let'st in seas to wreck and drown the soul.
 That hell is open, to remembrance call,
 And think how subject drunkards are to fall.
 Consider how it soon destroys the grace
 Of human shape, spoiling the beauteous face:
 Puffing the cheeks, blearing the curious eye,
 Studding the face with vitious heraldry.
 What pearls and rubies doth the wine disclose,
 Making the purse poor to enrich the nose?
 How does it nurse disease, infect the heart,
 Drawing some sickness into every part!

The veins do fill, glutted with vicious food,
 And quickly fevers the distemper'd blood.
 The belly swells, the foot can hardly stand
 Lam'd with the gout; the palsy shakes the hand.
 And through the flesh sick waters sinking in,
 Do, bladder-like, puff up the dropsy'd skin.
 It weakens the brain, it spoils the memory,
 Hasting on age, and wilful poverty.
 It drowns thy better parts, making thy name
 To foes a laughter, to thy friends a shame.
 'Tis virtue's poison, and the bane of trust,
 The match of wrath, the fuel unto lust.
 Quite leave this vice, and turn not to't again,
 Upon presumption of a stronger brain.
 For he that holds more wine than others can,
 I rather count a hogshead than a man."

The other is on imprudent marriages.

"Let not thy impotent lust so powerful be,
 Over thy reason, soul, and liberty,
 As to enforce thee to a married life,
 Ere thou art able to maintain a wife.
 Thou canst not feed upon her lips and face,
 She cannot clothe thee with a poor embrace.
 Thyself being yet alone, and but one still,
 With patience couldst endure the worst of ill.

When fortune frowns, one to the wars may go
To fight against his foes and fortunes too.
But, oh! the grief were treble for to see
Thy wretched bride half pin'd with poverty.
To see thy infants make their dumb complaint,
And thou not able to relieve their want.
The poorest beggar when he's dead and gone,
As rich as he that sits upon the throne.
But he who having no estate whilst wed,
Starves in his grave, being wretched when he's dead."

The "lines upon his picture," turn a very obvious thought into a fine moral lesson.

"When age hath made me what I am not now,
And every wrinkle tells me where the plough
Of time hath furrowed; when an ice shall flow
Through every vein, and all my head be snow:
When death displays his coldness in my cheek,
And I myself in my own picture seek,
Not finding what I am, but what I was;
In doubt which to believe, this or my glass:
Yet though I alter, this remains the same
As it was drawn, retains the primitive frame,
And first complexion; here will still be seen
Blood on the cheek, and down upon the chin:
Here the smooth brow will stay, the lively eye,
The ruddy lip, and hair of youthful dye.
Behold what frailty we in man may see,
Whose shadow is less given to change than he."

If we had space, we should certainly quote his "Ode to Mr. Antony Stafford, to hasten him into the country." It was at the house of this gentleman that our poet died, and perhaps these were the last lines he wrote in London. They tell of weariness, disgust, and impatience for quiet and innocence, and a warm anticipation of once more tasting the pure joys of a country life. But we must turn to the last poem in the first part, "In the praise of women in general," and make room for our dramatic extracts.

"He is a parricide to his mother's name,
And with an impious hand murders her fame,
That wrongs the praise of women; that dares write
Libels on saints, or with foul ink requite
The milk they lent us; better sex, command
To your defence my more religious hand
At sword, or pen; yours was the nobler birth,
For you of man were made, man but of earth,
The son of dust; and though your sin did breed
His fall, again you rais'd him in your seed:
Adam in 's sleep a gainful loss sustain'd
That for one rib a better self regain'd;
Who had he not your blest creation seen,
An anchorite in Paradise had been.
Why in this work did the creation rest,
But that eternal Providence thought you best
Of all his six day's labour; beasts should do
Homage to man, but man should wait on you.
You are of comelier sight, of daintier touch,
A tender flesh, a colour bright, and such
As Parians see in marble, skin more fair,
More glorious head, and far more glorious hair,
Eyes full of grace and quickness, purer roses
Blush in your cheeks, a milder white composes

Your stately fronts, your breath more sweet than his
 Breathes spice, and nectar drops at every kiss.
 Your skins are smooth, bristles on theirs do grow
 Like quills of porcupines, rough wool doth flow
 O'er all their faces; you approach more near
 The form of angels, they like beasts appear:
 If, then, in bodies, where the soul do dwell,
 You better us, do then our souls excel?
 No, we in souls equal perfection see,
 There can in them nor male nor female be.

Virtue sure

Were blind as fortune, should she choose the poor
 Rough cottage man to live in, and despise
 To dwell in you the stately edifice.
 Thus you are prov'd the better sex, and we
 Must all repent that in our pedigree
 We chose the father's name, where should we take
 The mother's, a more honour'd blood 'twould make,
 Our generation sure and certain be,
 And I'd believe some faith in heraldry.
 Thus, perfect creatures, if detraction rise
 Against your sex, dispute but with your eyes,
 Your hand, your lip, your brow, there will be sent
 So subtle and so strong an argument,
 Will teach the Stoic his affection too,
 And call the Cynic from his tub to woo."

We will only add to this a simile, which we separate from its context for the sake of the happiness of its language.

"So I at Charing-Cross have beheld one,
 A statue cut out of the Parian stone,
 To figure great Alcides: which, when well
 The artist saw it was not like to sell,
 He takes his chisel, and away he pares
 Part of his sinewy neck, shaving the hairs
 Off his rough beard and face, smoothing the brow,
 And making that look amorous which but now
 Stood wrinkled with his anger; from his head
 He poles the shaggy locks, that had o'erspread
 His brawny shoulders with a fleece of hair,
 And works instead more gentle tresses there,
 And thus his skill, exactly to express,
 Soon makes a Venus of a Hercules."

And also the following amusing verses, on a subject that may come home to the business and bosoms of some of our readers.

"Hark! reader, if thou never yet hadst one,
 I'll shew the torments of a Cambridge Dun.
 He rails where'er he comes, and yet can say
 But this, that Randolph did not keep his day.
 What? can I keep the day, or stop the sun
 From setting, or the night from coming on?
 Could I have kept days, I had chang'd the doom
 Of times and seasons, that had never come.
 These evil spirits haunt me every day,
 And will not let me eat, study, or pray.
 I am so much in their books, that 'tis known
 I am too seldom frequent in my own.
 What damage given to my doors might be
 If doors might actions have of battery?
 And when they find their coming to no end,
 They dun by proxy, and they letters send,

In such a style as I could never find
In Tully's long, or Seneca's short wind.

Good Master Randolph, pardon me, I pray,
If I remember, you forget your day.
I kindly dealt with you, and it would be
Unkind in you, not to be kind to me.
You know, Sir, I must pay for what I have,
My creditors will be paid; therefore I crave
Pay me as I pay them, Sir, for one brother
Is bound in conscience to pay another.
Besides, my landlord would not be content
If I should dodge with him for's quarter's rent,
My wife lies in, too, and I needs must pay
The midwife, lest the fool be cast away.
And 'tis a second charge to me, poor man,
To make the new-born babe a Christian.
Besides, the churching, a third charge will be,
In butter'd haberdine and frummety.
Thus hoping you will make a courteous end,
I rest (I would thou wouldst) your loving friend."

The "Parley with his Purse," has a similar burden, and is written in a similar strain.

"Purse, who'll not know you have a poet's been,
When he shall look and find no gold herein?
What respect (think you) will there now be shown
To this foul nest, when all the birds are flown?
Unnatural vacuum, can your emptiness
Answer to some slight questions, such as these?
How shall my debts be paid? or can my scores
Be clear'd with verses to my creditors?
Hexameter's no sterling, and I fear
What the brain coins, goes scarce for current there.
Can metre cancel bonds? is here a time
Ever to hope to wipe out chalk with rhyme?
Or if I now were hurrying to the jail,
Are the nine Muses held sufficient bail?
Would they to any composition come,
If we should mortgage our Elysium,
Tempe, Parnassus, and the golden streams
Of Tagus and Pactolus, those rich dreams
Of active fancy? Can our Orpheus move
Those rocks and stones, with his best strains of love?
Should I (like Homer) sing in lofty tones
To them Achilles, and his Myrmidons;
Hector, and Ajax, are but sergeant's names,
They relish bay-salt 'bove the epigrams
Of the most season'd brain, nor will they be
Content with ode, or paid with elegy."

We now turn to the dramas, a very cursory perusal of which will satisfy any one, that that department of poetry is not, whatever it might have been, much indebted to Randolph. They are entirely of a comic description, and much too servilely imitated from the ancients, and, on the whole, partake much more of the nature of satire than the drama. The characters are strongly contrasted, but they are rather abstract personifications, than the *eidola* of substantial flesh and blood. There is a pastoral drama, called *Amyntas*, which possesses as few of the charms of truth and reality as that of Tasso, and is much its inferior in graceful beauty. The piece of highest

merit is the "*Muses' Looking-Glass*," which hardly can be called a drama, though written for the stage. It contains a great number of contrasted portraits of the extremes of the virtues and vices of morality, which are worked into a slender frame-work, like that of the *Rehearsal*, and such pieces. It is from this that all our extracts will be taken, but they are such rich and striking pieces of portraiture, that they well deserve the space allotted to them. We shall first quote the preliminary scenes, which display the absurdities of the Puritans of those times with much humour and wit.

Flowerdew. See, brother, how the wicked throng and crowd
To works of vanity ! not a nook or corner
In all this house of sin, this cave of filthiness,
This den of spiritual thieves, but it is stuff'd,
Stuff'd, and stuff'd full as a cushion
With the lewd reprobate.

Bird. Sister, were there not before inns,
Yes, will I say inns, for my zeal bids me
Say filthy inns, enough to harbour such
As travell'd to destruction the broad way ;
But they build more and more, more shops of Satan.

Flow. Iniquity aboundeth, though pure zeal
Teach, preach, huff, puff, and snuff at it, yet still,
Still it aboundeth. Had we seen a church,
A new built church, erected north and south,
It had been something worth the wondering at.

Bird. Good works are done.

Flow. I say no works are good,
Good works are merely popish and apocryphal.

Bird. But th'bad abound, surround, yea, and confound us.
No marvel now if play-houses increase,
For they are all grown so obscene of late,
That one begets another.

Flow. Flat fornication !
I wonder any body takes delight
To hear them prattle.

Bird. Nay, and I have heard,
That in a—tragedy I think they call it,
They make no more of killing one another,
Than you sell pins.

Flow. Or you sell feathers, brother ;
But are they not hang'd for it ?

Bird. Law grows partial,
And finds it but chance-medley : and their comedies
Will abuse you or me, or any body ;
We cannot put our monies to increase
By lawful usury, nor break in quiet,
Nor put off our false wares, nor keep our wives
Finer than others, but our ghosts must walk
Upon their stages.

Flow. Is not this flat conjuration,
To make our ghosts to walk ere we be dead ?

Bird. That's nothing, Mistress Flowerdew ; they will play
The knave, the fool, the devil, and all for money.

Flow. Impiety ! O that men endued with reason
Should have no more grace in them !

Bird. Be there not other
Vocations as thriving, and more honest ?
Bayliffs, promoters, tailors, and apparitors,
Beadles, and marshals' men, the needful instruments
Of the republic, but to make themselves
Such monsters, for they are monsters, th' are monsters,
Base, sinful, shameless, ugly, vile, deform'd,
Pernicious monsters !

Flow. I have heard our vicar
Call play-houses the colleges of transgression,
Wherein the seven deadly sins are studied.

Bird. Why then the city will in time be made
An university of iniquity.
We dwell by Black-fryars college, where I wonder
How that profane nest of pernicious birds
Dare roost themselves there in the midst of us,
So many good and well disposed persons.
O impudence!

Flow. It was a zealous prayer
I heard a brother make, concerning play-houses.

Bird. For charity, what is it?

Flow. That the Globe,
Wherein (quoth he) reigns a whole world of vice,
Had been consum'd; the Phoenix burnt to ashes;
The Fortune whipt for a blind * * * Black-fryars
He wonders how it scap'd demolishing
I' th' time of Reformation; lastly, he wish'd
The Bull might cross the Thames to the Bear-garden,
And there be soundly baited.

Bird. A good prayer.

Flow. Indeed it something pricks my conscience,
I come to sell 'em pins and looking-glasses.

Bird. I have their custom too for all their feathers:
'Tis fit that we, which are such sincere professors,
Should gain by infidels.

Enter Roscius, a Player.

Mr. Roscius, we have brought the things you spake for.

Rosc. Why, 'tis well.

Flow. Pray, sir, what serve they for?

Rosc. We use them in our play.

Bird. Are you a player?

Rosc. I am, sir; what of that?

Bird. And is it lawful?

Good sister, let's convert him. Will you use
So fond a calling?

Flow. And so impious?

Bird. So irreligious?

Flow. So unwarrantable?

Bird. Only to gain by vice?

Flow. To live by sin?

Rosc. My spleen is up: and live not you by sin?
Take away vanity, and you both may break.
What serves your lawful trade of selling pins,
But to join gew-gaws, and to knit together
Gorgetts, strips, neck-cloths, laces, ribands, ruffs,
And many other such like toys as these,
To make the baby pride a pretty puppet?
And you, sweet feather-man, whose ware, though light,
O'erweighs your conscience; what serves your trade
But to plume folly, to give pride her wings,
To deck vain glory? spoiling the peacock's tail
T' adorn an idiot's coxcomb; O dull ignorance!
How ill 'tis understood what we do mean
For good and honest! they abuse our scene,
And say we live by vice, indeed 'tis true,
As the physicians by diseases do,
Only to cure them. They do live we see,
Like cooks, by pamp'ring prodigality,
Which are our fond accusers. On the stage
We set an usurer to tell this age
How ugly looks his soul: a prodigal

Is taught by us how far from liberal
 His folly bears him : boldly I dare say
 There has been more by us in some one play
 Laugh'd into wit and virtue, than hath been
 By twenty tedious lectures drawn from sin,
 And foppish humours; hence the cause doth rise,
 Men are not won by th' ears so well as eyes.
 First, see what we present.

Flow. The sight is able
 To unsanctify our eyes, and make 'm carnal.

Rosc. Will you condemn without examination?

Bird. No, sister, let us call up all our zeal,
 And try the strength of this temptation :
 Satan shall see we dare defy his engines.

Flow. I am content."

After some scenes, representing the respective claims of Tragedy and Comedy to superiority, the second act commences with this scene.—Colax, a flatterer, who shows the extreme of courtesy; and Dyscolus, who, "hating to be a slavish parasite, grows into peevishness and impertinent distaste."

" *Colax.* How far they sin against humanity
 That use you thus! Believe me, 'tis a symptom
 Of blasphemy and rudeness, so to vex
 A gentle, modest nature, as yours is.

Dysc. Why dost thou vex me then?

Colax. I? Heaven defend!
 My breeding has been better; I vex you!
 You that I know so virtuous, just, and wise,
 So pious and religious, so admir'd,
 So lov'd of all.

Dysc. Wilt thou not leave me then?
 Eternal torture! could your cruelty find
 No back but mine, that you thought broad enough
 To bear the load of all these epithets?
 Pious! religious! he takes me for a fool.
 Virtuous and just! Sir, did I ever cheat you,
 Cozen or gull you, that you call me just
 And virtuous? I am grown the common scoff
 Of all the world, the scoff of all the world!

Colax. The world is grown too vile then.

Dysc. So art thou.

Heaven, I am turn'd ridiculous!

Colax. You ridiculous!

But 'tis an impious age; there was a time
 (And pity 'tis so good a time had wings
 To fly away), when reverence was paid
 To a gray head; 'twas held a sacrilege
 Not expiable, to deny respect
 To one, sir, of your years and gravity.

Dysc. My years and gravity! why how old am I?
 I am not rotten yet, or grown so rank,
 As I should smell o' th' grave: O times and manners!
 Well, Colax, well; go on: ye may abuse me,
 Poor dust and ashes, worm's-meat, years, and gravity;
 He takes me for a carcass! what see you
 So crazy in me, I have half my teeth;
 I see with spectacles, do I not? and can walk too
 With th' benefit of my staff, mark if I cannot!
 But you, sir, at your pleasure, with years and gravity,
 Think me decrepit.

Colax. How, decrepit, sir!

I see young roses bud within your cheeks,

And a quick active blood run free and fresh
Through your veins.

Dysc. I am turn'd boy again!
A very stripling, school-boy; have I not
The itch and kibes, am I not scabb'd and mangy
About the wrists and hams.

Colax. Still Dyscolus—

Dysc. Dyscolus! and why Dyscolus, when were we
Grown so familiar; Dyscolus by my name,
Sure we are Pylades and Orestes, are we not?
Speak, good Pylades.

Colax. Nay, worthy sir,
Pardon my error, 'twas without intent
Of an offence, I'll find some other name
To call you by—

Dysc. What do you mean to call me?
Fool, ass, or knave? my name is not so bad
As that I am asham'd on't.

Colax. Still you take all worse than it was meant,
You are too jealous.

Dysc. Jealous! I ha' not cause for't, my wife's honest;
Dost see my horns, dost? if thou dost,
Write cuckold in my forehead; do, write cuckold
With aqua-fortis, do. Jealous! I am jealous;
Free of the company! wife, I am jealous.

Colax. I mean suspicious.

Dysc. How, suspicious?
For what? for treason, felony, or murder?
Carry me to the justice: bind me over
For a suspicious person! hang me too
For a suspicious person! O, O, O,
Some courteous plague seize on me, and free my soul
From this immortal torment, every thing
I meet with is vexation, and this, this
Is the vexation of vexations,
The hell of hells, and devil of devils.

Flow. For pity sake, fret not the good old gentleman.

Dysc. O! have I not yet torments great enough,
But you must add to my affliction?
Eternal silence seize you!

Colax. Sir, we strive
To please you, but you still misconstrue us.

Dysc. I must be pleas'd, a very babe, an infant!
I must be pleas'd, give me some pap, or plums,
Buy me a rattle, or a hobby-horse,
To still me, do! be pleas'd; wouldst have me get
A parasite to be flatter'd?

Colax. How, a parasite?
A cogging, flattering, slavish parasite?
Things I abhor and hate. 'Tis not the belly
Shall make my brains a captive. Flatterers!
Souls below reason will not stoop so low
As to give up their liberty; only flatterers
Move by another's wheel. They have no passions
Free to themselves. All their affections,
Qualities, humours, appetites, desires,
Nay wishes, vows and prayers, discourse and thoughts,
Are but another's bondman. Let me tug
At the Turks' gallies; be eternally
Damn'd to a quarry: in this state, my mind
Is free: a flatterer has not soul nor body;
What shall I say?—No, I applaud your temper,
That in a generous braveness, takes distaste
At such whose servile nature strives to please you.
'Tis royal in you, Sir.

Dysc. Ha! what's that?

Colax. A feather stuck upon your cloak.

Dysc. A feather!

And what have you to do with my feathers?

Why should you hinder me from telling the world

I do not lie on flock beds?

Colax. Pray be pleas'd.

I brush'd it off for mere respect I bare to you.

Dysc. Respect, a fine respect, sir, is it not,

To make the world believe I nourish vermin?

O death, death, death, if that our graves hatch worms

Without rogues to torment us, let 'em have

What teeth they will."

We have next the extremes of fortitude, "which steer an even course between over-much daring, and over-much fearing," represented by Aphobus and Deilus.

"*Deil.* Is it possible, did you not fear it, say you?

To me the mere relation is an ague.

Good Aphobus, no more such terrible stories;

I would not for a world lie alone to night:

I shall have such strange dreams.

Apho. What can there be

That I should fear?—The gods? if they be good,

'Tis sin to fear them; if not good, no gods;

And then let them fear me. Or are they devils

That must affright me?

Deil. Devils! where, good Aphobus!

I thought there was some conjuring abroad,

'Tis such a terrible wind! O, here it is;

Now it is here again! O still, still, still.

Apho. What's the matter?

Deil. Still it follows me!

The thing in black, behind; soon as the sun

But shines, it haunts me! Gentle spirit, leave me;

Cannot you lay him, Aphobus? what an ugly look it has,

With eyes as big as saucers, nostrils wider

Than barbers' basons!

Apho. 'Tis nothing, Deilus,

But your weak fancy, that from every object

Draws arguments of fear. This terrible black thing—

Deil. Where is it, Aphobus?

Apho. Is but your shadow, Deilus.

Deil. And should we not fear shadows?

Apho. No, why should we?

Deil. Who knows but they come leering after us

*To steal away the substance; watch him, Aphobus.

Apho. I nothing fear.

Colax. I do commend your valour,

That fixes your great soul fast as a centre,

Not to be mov'd with dangers; let slight cock-boats

Be shaken with a wave, while you stand firm

Like an undaunted rock, whose constant hardness

Rebeats the fury of the raging sea,

Dashing it into froth. Base fear doth argue

A low degenerate soul.

Deil. Now I fear every thing.

Colax. 'Tis your discretion. Every thing has danger,

And therefore every thing is to be fear'd;

I do applaud this wisdom: 'tis a symptom

Of wary providence. His too confident rashness

Argues a stupid ignorance in the soul,

A blind and senseless judgment: give me fear

To man the fort, 'tis such a circumspect
And wary sentinel.—

But daring valor,
Uncapable of danger, sleeps securely,
And leaves an open entrance to his enemies.

Deil. What, are they landed?

Apho. Who?

Deil. The enemies
That Colax talks of.

Apho. If they be, I care not;
Though they be giants all, and arm'd with thunder.

Deil. Why, do you not fear thunder?

Apho. Thunder! no;
No more than squibs and crackers.

Deil. Squibs and crackers,
I hope there be none here! s'lid, squibs and crackers!
The mere epitomes of the gun-powder treason;
Faux in a lesser volume.

Apho. Let fools gaze
At bearded stars, it is all one to me
As if they had been shav'd—thus, thus would I
Out-beard a meteor, for I might as well
Name it a prodigy when my candle blazes.

Deil. Is there a comet, say you? Nay, I saw it,
It reach'd from Paul's to Charing, and portends
Some certain eminent danger to the inhabitants
'Twixt those two places: I'll go get a lodging
Out of its influence.

Colax. Will that serve?—I fear
It threatens general ruin to the kingdom.

Deil. I'll to some other country.

Colax. There's danger to cross the seas.

Deil. Is there no way, good Colax,
To cross the sea by land? O the situation,
The horrible situation of an island!

Colax. You, sir, are far above such frivolous thoughts.
You fear not death.

Apho. Not I.

Colax. Not sudden death.

Apho. No more than sudden sleep: Sir, I dare die.

Deil. I dare not; death to me is terrible:
I will not die.

Apho. How can you, Sir, prevent it?

Deil. Why, I will kill myself.

Colax. A valiant course,
And the right way to prevent death, indeed.
Your spirit is true Roman!—But your's greater
That fears not death, nor yet the manner of it."

We shall next quote the extremes of Meekness. The quarrelsome
Orgilus, and the patient Aorgus.

"*Org.* Persuade me not, he has awak'd a fury
That carries steel about him, dags and pistols!
To bite his thumb at me!

Aor. Why should not any man
Bite his own thumb?

Org. At me! wear I a sword
To see men bite their thumbs—Rapiers and daggers—
He is the son of a whore.

Aor. That hurts not you.
Had he bit your's, it had been some pretence
T' have mov'd his anger; he may bite his own
And eat it too.

Org. Muskets and cannons!—eat it?
 If he dare eat it in contempt of me,
 He shall eat something else too that rides here;
 I'll try his ostridge stomach.
Aor. Sir, be patient.
Org. You lie in your throat, and I will not.
Aor. To what purpose is this impertinent madness?
 Pray be milder.
Org. Your mother was a whore, and I will not put it up.
Aor. Why should so slight a toy thus trouble you?
Org. Your father was hang'd, and I will be reveng'd.
Aor. When reason doth in equal balance poise
 The nature of two injuries, your's to me
 Lies heavy, when that other would not turn
 An even scale, and yet it moves not me;
 My anger is not up.
Org. But I will raise it;
 You are a fool!
Aor. I know it, and shall I
 Be angry for a truth?
Org. You are besides
 An arrant knave!
Aor. So are my betters, sir.
Org. I cannot move him—O my spleen, it rises;
 For very anger I could eat my knuckles.
Aor. You may, or bite your thumb, all's one to me.
Org. You are a horn'd beast, a very cuckold.
Aor. 'Tis my wife's fault, not mine; I have no reason
 Then to be angry for another's sin."

The whole of this play is particularly well worth reading; and as we can thus recommend the whole (a rare instance in Randolph), we feel less compunction at leaving much that is good behind, and in closing our article with the proud Lady Philotimia, "of too great nicety in her attire," and her sluggish and indolent husband.

"*Phil.* What mole drest me to day? O patience!
 Who would be troubl'd with these mop-ey'd chambermaids?
 There's a whole hair on this side more than t' other,
 I am no lady else! come on, you sloven,
 Was ever Christian madam so tormented
 To wed a swine as I am! make you ready.
Luparus. I would the tailor had been hang'd for me,
 That first invented clothes—O Nature, Nature!
 More cruel unto man than all thy creatures!
 Calves come into the world with doublets on,
 And oxen have no breeches to put off:
 The lamb is born with her frieze coat about her:
 Hogs go to bed in rest, and are not troubled
 With pulling on their hose and shoes i' th' morning,
 With gartering, girdling, trussing, buttoning,
 And a thousand torments that afflict humanity.
Phil. To see her negligence! she hath made this cheek
 By much too pale, and hath forgotten to whiten
 The natural redness of my nose; she knows not
 What 'tis wants dealbation. O fine memory!
 If she has not set me in the self-same teeth
 That I wore yesterday, I am a Jew;
 Does she think that I can eat twice with the same,
 Or that my mouth stands as the vulgar does?
 What! are you snoring there, you'll rise, you sluggard,
 And make you ready.
Lup. Rise, and make you ready!
 To works of that, your happy birds make one;

They, when they rise, are ready. Blessed birds!
 They, fortunate creatures! sleep in their own clothes,
 And rise with all their feather-beds about them.
 Would nakedness were come again in fashion;
 I had some hope then when the breasts went bare,
 Their bodies too would have come to it in time.

Phil. Beshrew her for't, this wrinkle is not fill'd.
 You'll go and wash—you are a pretty husband.

Lup. Our sow ne'er washes, yet she has a face,
 Methinks, as cleanly, madam, as your's is,
 If you durst wear your own.

Colax. Madam Superbia,
 You're studying the ladies' library,
 The looking-glass; 'tis well: so great a beauty
 Must have her ornaments. Nature adorns
 The peacock's tail with stars: 'tis she attires
 The bird of paradise in all her plumes;
 She decks the fields with various flowers; 'tis she
 Spangled the heavens with all those glorious lights,
 Spotted the ermin's skin, and arm'd the fish
 In silver mail. But man she sent forth naked,
 Not that he should remain so, but that he,
 Endu'd with reason, should adorn himself
 With every one of these. The silk-worm is
 Only man's spinster, else we might suspect
 That she esteem'd the painted butterfly
 Above her master-piece. You are the image
 Of that bright goddess, therefore wear the jewels
 Of all the east; let the red sea be ransack'd
 To make you glitter; look on *Luparus*,
 Your husband, there, and see how in a sloven
 All the best characters of divinity,
 Not yet worn out in man, are lost and buried.

Phil. I see it to my grief, pray counsel him.

Colax. This vanity in your niece lady's humours,
 Of being so curious in her toys and dresses,
 Makes me suspicious of her honesty.
 These cobweb-lawns catch spiders. Sir, believe it;
 You know, that those do not commend the man,
 But 'tis the living; though this age prefer
 A cloak of plush, before a brain of art.
 You understand what misery 'tis to have
 No worth but that we owe the draper for;
 No doubt you spend the time your lady loses
 In tricking up her body, to clothe the soul.

Lup. To clothe the soul? must the soul too be clothed?
 I protest, sir, I had rather have no soul
 Than be tormented with the clothing of it."

FROM BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

DOUGLAS ON MISSIONS.*

It happens more frequently that we have reason to wonder at the astonishing effects of a religious zeal, than to lament or to rejoice that it has been productive of very little effect, either good or bad. It is a matter of regret, and perhaps of surprise, that the efforts which have been made by this and other countries, to propagate true religion, have

* Hints on Missions. By James Douglas, Esq. 12mo. Edinburgh, Blackwood; London, Cadell, 1822.

been comparatively so very unsuccessful. Our large and numerous Missionary Societies have not found the reward of their beneficence, in the results that have been effected abroad. They have been too often thrown back, by disappointment, to reflect on the disinterestedness of their exertions, and to found new energy on the assurance that a relaxing purpose is in every instance unbecoming; and that perseverance in a good cause, is itself honourable even when it is fruitless.

It must be evident, however, that every energy which is employed without an adequate effect, points to some error in the mode of operation. The Missionaries have the unquestionable merit of enthusiasm in their pious undertakings: But enthusiasm, considered as a virtue, has ever been liable to some exception;—it is accused of too generous an engrossment in the object, and too blind a neglect of the means; it is found to be too expeditious in purpose, and too blundering in practice. Nor do the Missionaries seem to have governed their praiseworthy passion with any peculiar prudence.—Their mistakes have been not inobvious, and are thus remarked by the writer of these Hints:—

“The failure of all Missionary exertions, which exhibits so melancholy a picture of feebleness and misfortune, is to be attributed not only to their want of proper successors, not alone to the impatience of disappointment, and diminished interest at home, which expects the harvest immediately after the seed-time, and is ignorant of that great law, true in all generous, large, and lasting attempts, that one generation sows and another reaps; but especially to none of these Missions having taken root in the soil, and deriving the only sure strength from the place where alone it would vigorously grow and imbibe nourishment. None of them looked forward to the native converts as the future chief supports of the Mission, or formed them with previous discipline to undergo a labour, and a burden which they alone could effectually sustain; they were always dependant for precarious supplies on a distant country, whence the assistants they obtained came unqualified, and required long to be learners before they could act as teachers.

“Those who know how much religion addresses the affections, and how little power over the affections is obtained by addresses or writings in a dead language, will easily conceive how far the most learned and able foreigner will fall short of those tones of tenderness, which belong to the recollections of infancy, and are implied in the very term mother tongue.”—P. 18.

The Missionary enterprise is by no means complete, when a general spirit and a liberal provision have been brought to its support at home, and a few able and devoted agents are operating abroad. There is still need of much prudent counsel and policy to meet the natural difficulties of the undertaking.—There may be need, too, of experience in the characters and prejudices of different people, that a specific plan of operation may be accommodated to each. In Persia, they care little about any religion; while the Hindoo suspected of infidelity loses his cast. In China, it is dangerous to teach a European their language; while the poor African deifies a European blacksmith. It is evident, that one mode of introducing the new religion cannot be equally adapted to all these; but that our measures must be varied with a certain flexibility, which, in this as in most other matters, is a necessary mean of efficiency.

A considerable part of this little volume is occupied with a detail of the obstacles which a scheme of conversion must encounter in different divisions of the Heathen world, and with hints of the expedients to be addressed to each. It is not our purpose to advert to the particular views of the writer on these matters, farther than to observe, that they are, in general, judiciously, and sometimes even finely, con-

ceived; and that from their novelty and their importance, they have an especial claim to the attention of the Missionary Societies.

But there are certain general views in regard to Missions which have reference not to the characters which distinguish, but to those which assimilate every different people in one common nature. These are exhibited by Mr. Douglas in a manner which evinces at once his philanthropy and his philosophy. Every page, indeed, of his volume bears evidence of an understanding, original in speculation, and soundly as well as keenly directed to matters of practice; of a zeal which is remote from bigotry; and of sanguine anticipations which never become visionary. He is acquainted with nations, not less than with human nature; and his suggestions do not overstep his information. He is, moreover, entitled to be heard with some deference, as he has evidently meditated with the utmost disinterestedness.

The two great means of conversion recommended by Mr. Douglas are, colonizing and education, with the Missionary object of preparing the ignorant and untoward to a reception of the Gospel.

The influence of a colony situated in the midst of a foreign people, with a destination merely political, has many well-known examples in history. The same policy has, more recently, been employed in the interests of the Church, and is now promoting the religion, in some parts, at a rate which is doubled every succeeding generation. It might be employed, indeed, with as much effect in promoting any other pretension of the inferior people.

"But there is a method of colonizing," says Mr. Douglas, "peculiarly applicable to America, Siberia, Southern Africa, and Polynesia, and consists in forming the rudiments of future cities and future civilization, by small bodies of artisans and teachers, established at favourable points for intercourse with the surrounding country. In short, it is merely to follow the method by which civilization has begun and proceeded in all countries and times; villages rising into towns, and towns into cities, having been the origin and medium of all improvements."

In many parts of the world, no doubt, this scheme might be impracticable. But there is one country to which, we agree with Mr. Douglas, that it is peculiarly adapted.

"Russian Asia affords the best illustration of what might be done to Christianize an immense region, since the plan would be carried into effect with the resources of the state, as well as the efforts of private benevolence, and where all obstacles would immediately be removed by an Emperor who is at once a politician and a Christian.

"The first step is to have Siberia surveyed by geographical engineers, and the sites determined which are most promising for the erecting of villages, which in time may become the capitals of as many provinces; and then, that a certain number of religious mechanics be annually located, till all the destined settlements are filled. Germany and the Moravians will afford the best settlers, the most pious, hardy, and industrious, and least likely to interfere with the established Greek church. There would be no unusual expense to the state in this measure, since the wisest rulers of Russia have already been in the use of establishing German colonies; the only difference would be, that the religious would be chosen instead of the needy; and instead of cultivating a patch of ground in the steppe, the moral culture of a vast empire would be the sure and ultimate object."—P. 96.

It will be observed, however, that every mode of colonizing is a systematic, and therefore a gradual process. It promises not the rapidity nor the violence of a revolution; but a transformation which is at once more gentle and more complete. It is an experiment not so flattering

to power, as it is agreeable to the sober legislature by which it is superintended; it operates slowly, but according to anticipation; and it may present, at no very distant period, the gratifying spectacle of an innovation accomplished, to which the subject people is no sooner subdued than it is naturalized. It was evidently no fortuitous miscarriage that has attended the more direct experiments of the Missionaries; but a miscarriage that had its origin in the inadequacy of the means that were employed.

When you propose to the Heathen a religion different from his own, it is not with him a mere question betwixt two religions. Supposing him to be without any prepossession, he is perhaps incapable of comprehending the superiority of the doctrines offered to him, though these were as superior as those of Christ to those of Buddha. But the uncultivated Heathen cannot understand the religion submitted to him, separately from his impressions of those by whom it is professed. He is not fond of strangers, who, in all their ways, and in their very countenances, show themselves so different from himself. But when they attempt, by importunity, to subdue him to their peculiarities, he is apt to conceive at once an aversion to their persons, and a prejudice against all their pretensions. He regards their most pious efforts to convert him as encroachments upon his natural liberties; and a feeling which must be respected, even when it unconsciously repels a proffered good, arises to resist the religion which is intruded upon him, and to maintain his own. It is not a question of opinions, but one which addresses his affections; and proposes—Will he unite himself to those with whom he bears so little in common, or continue amongst the people, to whom he is attached by the memory of his forefathers, and the love of his kinsmen?—His best natural feelings decide for him; and he is as reluctant to abandon the faith in which he has been nursed, as he would be to leave the land which has been the scene of his youth and his manhood, and the friends who have been his companions at every period of his life.

No doubt there are many people existing, in whom these feelings are but feebly felt. But they constitute, it is conceived, that species of opposition which the direct attempts of the Missionaries must experience in every part of the world.

Nor is this all. When the Heathen has declared himself a convert, we must suppose him to have been actuated by a regard to the intrinsic merits of the new religion; he feels a conviction of its truths, or an affection to its sentiments; either of which dispositions it may be extremely difficult to beget in him, as both the sympathy and the intelligence may be wanting. But his impressions in favour of the new religion must be ardent and energetic, ere they prevail with him to cast away the idols of his own superstition, and to embrace the only true faith. It is not the easy and unimpassioned belief of the native Christian which possesses him, but something of that enthusiasm which appeared in the early converts to Christianity; and the presence of those by whom his former error is still maintained, serves only to inflame the tone of his new professions. But all this must give rise to a degree of passion which happens rarely in the course of his existence, and which it will be found that the human breast is generally averse to, when the object is to shake off the rooted habits of years. The pros-

pect of this unavoidable agitation is disagreeable to a certain natural indolence; and it may effectually hinder him from avowing himself a proselyte, long after the assent of his reason and his affections.

'Tis true, that in some parts of the world, the greater number of converts have been drawn over tamely, directed neither by their reason nor their affections, and showing no enthusiasm in the religion they embraced. But these were followers of the body of their countrymen, who had been converted by some of the gradual means contended for by enlightened Missionaries. They required not the same inducements to believe, and they found not the same incentives to enthusiasm, as those who had been the first in making their apostasy. They followed their own people, with all the prejudices which we have described. But the people had been gained by one means, and the individuals by another.

"Christianity," says Madame de Stael, "is slow and gradual in its progress, like the great operations of nature." The same wisdom which so long delayed its revelation, has meant that it should be delayed still longer, to certain parts of the earth. There is a season at which it may be engrafted on every uninformed people; and there may be a flagrant prematurity in every attempt to engraft it sooner. But there are means of hastening the propitious moment: and one of these is colonizing.

A colony, in the midst of a barbarous people, does not unlearn the civilization which is brought from home. This is kept up amongst its own members, ever and anon refreshed by communications from the mother country; and it is not incuriously observed by the simple natives of the spot. An intercourse begins in necessity and convenience, and is soon continued from sympathy. In acquiring the arts and manners, they cannot but have caught the sentiments of the superior people. Then is the time to press their acknowledgment of the religion. The loss of their own self-conceit has unsettled their prejudices; they admire the familiar science of the strangers, and they cannot but respect their science of Theology; the intercourse which is now betwixt them, and of which they feel the need, will become more intimate by a common religion; and the spirit of that religion, already reflected upon their minds, has disposed them to receive its doctrines.

In this quiet and effectual manner is the religion extended, by the intercommunity of the enlightened with the ignorant people. It is not, however, in every situation, where even a very small colony can conveniently be established. It is a means of conversion which must be employed with some political prudence. The more general, and perhaps the more easy method of spreading the religion, is a preparatory system of education.

The effects of a system of education have been exemplified in various parts of the world. The Jesuits owed their eminent success in Japan to the convents which they erected in that country. The Moravians, no less successful in Greenland, began by teaching the familiar arts. Their example, perhaps, has suggested some of the later improvements. In India, no less than three colleges have been erected, in the view of introducing an elementary education among the Hindoos, who have been found to be neither unwilling nor inapt to receive instruction, when it makes no interference with their religion. Mr. Douglas, however, points out considerable defects in each of these colleges,

and observes that it would require the union of all three, to form a complete institution.

It is not to be anticipated, however, that the best mode of spreading the religion, shall act with the rapidity and power of miracles. Perhaps an idea of the divinity of the religion, has, by an illusion, given encouragement to the very inadequate means of extending it; as if there were some supernatural virtue in the cause, which would second the feeblest efforts of its supporters. But it is signified by Mr. Douglas, that the religion is now fairly committed to itself, and must be advanced by the natural instruments and opportunities which it finds in its way. A system of education seems to approach the nearest to miracles. It is more immediate in its effect than colonizing, and more effectual than the spreading of translations,—which, for obvious reasons, ought always to have a subordinate part in the Missionary scheme.

Education, like colonizing, has a gradual operation. The Heathen soon discovers betwixt his religion and the science he has acquired, an inconsistency which must be fatal to either: most probably it becomes fatal to that which is false.

Every Missionary station, continues Mr. Douglas, should have a model school attached to it. A single establishment of this sort in the midst of a population of two millions, might seem incapable of making any considerable impression. But it is quite another thing, when the few natives that issue from it become the teachers of their own countrymen, and translators into their own language. It is added, that five hundred of these model schools might supply the whole Heathen world with teachers.

Besides the colleges in India, Mr. Douglas recommends the erection of three other colleges in different parts—one in the United States, for Central Africa—another at Cape Town, for the Caffre—and a third in New South Wales, for the islands of the Southern Ocean,—situations very suitable to that particular division of the Heathen world, which is prescribed by Mr. Douglas.

“The last and crowning mean of success, is to combine into one system all the various efforts and various instruments for the diffusion of truth, so that every movement of advance may support and be supported by all the rest; and that each party, far from embarrassing another, by taking up part of the ground which it ought to occupy, may form, each and all, mutual points of support, resting on one common centre along the whole line of operation.” “England, English America, Germany, and Switzerland, and Russia, form the short list of those countries from which any external effort can reasonably be expected, and are at present nearly in the same scale of efficiency as they are here set down.—England has triple the resources of all the rest put together; but America, in a century, will, undoubtedly, have most at its disposal, in allotting to each the ground which it should occupy.” “England being far in advance of all the rest, in the multiplicity of its moral resources, and in the facility and intelligence with which it can concentrate and impel them upon any given points, however distant, is naturally destined to take the lead in every work of beneficence, and to become the centre of design and action. It is therefore requisite, that there be English agents and superintendants in all these countries, to give a unity to their simultaneous movements; but more than superintendence is not required.”—P. 36.

But when shall we look for this last and crowning mean, executed by English agents and superintendants! Public opinion must continue to be divided, not only respecting the efficacy of all Missionary attempts, but as to the political expediency of making any such attempts,

in circumstances which do not singularly facilitate them. On these points we do not venture into any discussion. There may be reasons of much weight to oppose the Missionary enterprise, as there undoubtedly are, to urge and encourage it. But it seems pretty evident, that parties, in this matter, are at least as much influenced by feeling, as by the principles which they profess. There are, indeed, few schemes in politics, so calculated, at first sight, to beget either favour or aversion.

One class of men finds a charm to their imaginations in the idea of a Mission. It is a message, of which the purport seems to them above all estimation; and they are pleased, as well as elevated, in being the instruments of its communication. The change which it may induce on the condition of so many multitudes, and the very extent of the enterprise, are in some sort gratifying. And when they seem to themselves as performing a sort of rescue of their fellow-men, they lend their hearts to their exertions. But the active Missionaries feel the highest sense of their vocation, and have raised by this a friendly feeling for their cause, in spite of the defects which have been too apparent in the greater number that have borne this character. The Missionary sets out to labour in a work which Christ himself began. He connects himself with the progress of a religion which is, one day, to be universal, and which is to endure to the end of the earth. His personal existence is merged in the great scheme which he is furthering; or he sees it in that scheme reflected, magnified, and sublimed. His common sensibilities are in a great measure lost in his abstraction; exile, privations, and labour, cannot still be unpainful to him,—but they are the very elements of the glory which his sombre imagination affects. The life of Him, whose name he is proclaiming, seems thus to have been hallowed by all that overcast it. Nor is it a greater mystery that his mind is pleased in contemplating his own illustrious lot, dashed by such accidents, than that his eye is pleased with the interchange of light and shadow.

Such is not the character which the most devoted Missionary shall at all times evince in the real conflict of his undertaking; but such is the character of his imagination. Many may still deem it an affection too feeble to withstand experience: while, at the same time, it has the power to conciliate their interest in the Missionaries themselves; and, by an easy consequence, it wins their partiality to the Missionary scheme.

Others are, by temperament, indisposed to zeal of every description, and cannot but regard it, as in all matters, a mere indiscretion. They remark, in the very aspect of enthusiasm, something which offends them; nay, to some of these, it seems as if "*all ardour came from Hell.*" There is at all times a discord in the tone of excitement which is apt to confirm the indifferent in their indifference, or to convert it into opposition. Thus the Missionary enterprise must, like every other, have its opponents. But it possesses, undoubtedly, some peculiarities which are calculated to aggravate the hostility against it; and amongst these is the Missionary character itself. This it is which chiefly revolts them; nor can it be said that that character recommends itself in every respect to minds of sound and proper feeling. "The vain world is passing away like the wind of the desert,"—cannot be agreeably proclaimed on every occasion, to the most reli-

gious. It is more decently reserved for moments set apart to such impressions, or brought about by the accidents of life.—Otherwise, there takes place an incongruity betwixt the situation and the sentiment which may sanction either ridicule or disgust. The ignorance and meanness that unfit the great number for their commission, are apt moreover to beget, along with an objection to the individuals, a more unreasonable objection to the measure in which they are employed.

But though there are many striking reasons to be dissatisfied with the mode of conducting the Missionary operations, the reasons have yet to be pointed out, which should persuade us to abandon them.

When the result is so insignificant, as for the most part it has been, this may afford an apology for indifference; but it ought not to dictate that opinion which considers the whole measure as of no obligation, and inconsistent with the practice of more important duties. Is it a thing impossible, that an individual can contribute a mite to the Missionary Societies, without omitting the duties which more intimately concern him? Or is the Missionary more negligent of his civil and natural ties, when he chooses the theatre of his life and action in a foreign land, than the soldier, or the merchant, who does the same? In the general case, the active Missionary is not undutiful: and the friends of Missions find no incompatibility betwixt all that they are bound to do at home, and the little that they are required to do abroad. There is the less need to caution them against the error of concerning themselves too much in those who are situated at a distance; as the affections of all men are, by nature, in more danger of being too much narrowed, than of being too much widened. The most enlightened people of the earth should recognise the brotherly relation on which they stand to every other tribe of mankind; and a people whose command is so extensive by land and sea, cannot be supposed to want the means of making its humanity effectual, beyond the bounds of its own nation.

“Between Christians, and those who are called Philosophers, a great and impassable gulph seems fixed: While the first are interested in nothing but what concerns the next world, the second neither care for, nor believe in, any thing but the ‘world of to-day,’ as the Mahometans speak. It is rather singular, however, that those who are looking to the future and the invisible, are the men of action, and that those whose only world is the present, have never advanced one step beyond professions of philanthropy, nor made the least effort to introduce the improvements of philosophy into the greatest and uncivilized portion of the world. Still it is to be regretted, that Christians will not show them what Christian benevolence can do for the comforts and embellishments even of this transitory life; and thus there might be some common feeling between the two parties, who might gain much by mutual intercourse. The Missionaries, instead of filling their journals with the experiences of particular converts, which have often more connexion with the state of the body than the soul, might be gaining experience themselves of the climate and the country, the modes of thinking, and the prevalent superstitious notions of the people by whom they are surrounded.”—P. 112.

The above passage may be considered as a sample of the style of these Hints.

CHILDHOOD.

ALMOST the happiest visitings of which my mind is at any time sensible, are those reminiscences of childhood, streaming in such vivid beauty across the shadowy pathway of mature life, that frequently the past, the very past, seems recalled into actual existence, and I feel and think, and weep and smile again with the heart of a child; ay—and I would not exchange my sensations at such moments for half the pleasures, (so called) that, as we advance in life, froth and sparkle in the mingled cup of our existence. I am sure the frequent recurrence of such feelings is beneficial to the human heart, that it helps to purify, to refine, and spiritualize its worldly and corrupt affections, restoring a sort of youthful elasticity to its nobler powers, and at the same time a meek and child-like sense of entire dependence, no longer indeed on the tender earthly guardians of our helpless infancy, but on our Father which is in Heaven, *their* Father and ours, in whose sight we are all alike helpless, alike children. Our reminiscences of youth are not half so delightful.—In the first place, they are more associated with *people and things*, than with God and Nature, and with our earliest, even our *best* friends—and who has stepped on a few, a very few years beyond those of childhood, without having been made sensible, ay, by painful experience, that *this* is not a world of unmixed happiness? Disappointments arise like little clouds at first, too soon perhaps uniting into one heavy mass.

The things so delightful in prospect, prove, on attainment, unsatisfactory, or worse than unsatisfactory,—yea, gall and wormwood to us—or leading us on like *ignes fatui*, through mire and marsh, over rough ways and even, they treacherously vanish from our sight, leaving us spent and heart-sick in the vain pursuit. Or say we are every way successful—that Providence rewards our honourable exertions with the attainment of their object, and that the object, when attained, gratifies our most sanguine expectations, still, is the fruition perfect? Are there no specks upon the ripened fruit, no tainting mildew spots? Are none missing from among the dear ones who should smile on our success? Are no eyes closed in the sleep of death, that would have sparkled with the reflected light of our happiness? Is no tongue silenced in the grave that would have blessed God for blessing us? Are they *all* there? Oh Heaven! how little to be hoped—and if but *one* is missing, what shall replace the void? who shall say the fruition is perfect? But suppose we are so peculiarly favoured—*favoured* shall I call it? it is an awful exemption—as to escape common cares and crosses, and even to arrive at full maturity, still fenced about and sheltered by the guardian trees that overhung our infant growth—suppose all this to be, yet much will have occurred in the natural course of things, to temper the exuberance of youthful happiness—for by the time we are men and women, what alterations must have taken place in the persons, and things and scenes, all woven together in our hearts, by the powerful charm of early association!—By the time we are men and women, how many are gone down into the dust, of those humble faithful friends, whose kind familiar faces beamed ever with indulgent fondness on our happy childhood! Old servants

who waited perhaps on our parents' parents; whose zealous attachment to them, having passed on as an inheritance, (and there are few more valuable) to their immediate descendants, had become towards their offspring, towards ourselves, an almost idolatrous affection. Grey-headed labourers, whose good natured indulgence had so patiently suffered us to derange their operations in the garden or in the hay-field, or to assist them with grave mimicry.—Some grateful pensioner of our family, some neat old widow, who was wont to welcome us to her little cottage, with a hoarded offering of fruit or flowers, or may be a little rabbit, white as the driven snow, or a young squirrel or a dormouse,—poor captives of the woods! devoted victims of our tormenting fondness?—Or the permitted intruder, privileged as it were by long sufferance, to claim the comforts of a draught of warm beer, and a meal of broken victuals by the kitchen-fire, half mendicant, half pedlar, his back bowed down by the heavy pack, from which it was almost as inseparable, as is that of a camel from its natural protuberance—a few white hairs thinly sprinkled over a deeply-furrowed brow, and straggling across a cheek, whose spots of still bright carnation told of free and constant communion with the winds of Heaven, as they blow in their healthful freshness over moor and mountain, headland and sea-coast—and the eye deeply set under that shaggy ridge of eyebrow! the eye with all its shrewd keen meanings, its quick perception, its habitual watchfulness, its dark sparkling lustre, almost undimmed as yet by sixty years of travel, over the roughest ways of this world's rough thoroughfare!

Who would gaze without a thrill of intense feeling, on the few first drops that ooze slowly through the straining timbers of some mighty dike, previous to the bursting up of its imprisoned waters? And who can look but with deep and tender emotion on the first pre-lusive tears that escape through the unclosing flood-gates of human sorrow?—Yes, by the time we start forward on the career of youth, if even our nearest and dearest friends still encircle us, how many of those persons to whom habit or affection linked us, though in far less powerful bands, must have finished their allotted race! Even irrational creatures—the very animals that were wont to range about the house and fields—many of them, perhaps, our familiar friends and playmates. Not one of these has dropped into the dust unmissed; and in the world we are entering, how many of the objects we shall eagerly pursue, may fail to afford us half the gratification we have known in those childish, innocent attachments! Our very pleasures—our most perfect enjoyments in mature life, bring with them a certain portion of disquietude—a craving after new, or higher enjoyments—an anxious calculation on the probable stability of those already ours—a restless anticipation of the future. And *there*—in that very point—consists the great barrier separating youth from childhood. The child enjoys every thing—that is, abstractedly from all reference to the past—all inquiry into the future. He feels that he is happy, and, satisfied with that blest perception, searches not into the nature of, or probable duration of, his bliss. There may be—there are, in after life, intervals of far sublimer happiness; for if thought—if knowledge, bringeth a curse with it, casting, as it were, the shadow of death over all that in this world seemed fair, and good, and perfect, reason, enlightened by revelation, and supported by faith, hath power to

lift that gloomy veil, and to see beyond it "the glory that shall be revealed hereafter." But with the exception of such moments, when the heart communes with Heaven—when our thoughts are, in a manner, like the angels, ascending and descending thereon, what feelings of the human mind can be thought so nearly to resemble those of the yet guiltless inhabitants of Eden, as the sensations of a young and happy child? It is true he has been told, and taught to read, the story of man's first disobedience, and his fall. He has been told that there is such a thing as death. It has even been explained to him, with the simple illustrations best calculated to impress the awful subject on his young mind, and his earnest eyes have filled with tears, at hearing that such or such a dear friend, on whose knee he has been wont to sit—whose neck he has often embraced so lovingly, is taken away out of the world, and buried under the earth in the church-yard. His eyes will fill with tears—his little bosom will heave with sobs, at this dismal hearing; but then he is told that the dear friend is gone to God—that his spirit is gone to God, to live for ever, and be happy in heaven, and that if he is a good child, he will go to heaven too, and live always with him there. He listens to this with much the same joyful eagerness as if he were promised to go the next day, in a fine coach, to spend the whole day with the friend whose *absence*, more than whose *death*, his little heart deplores so bitterly. He cannot conceive death—he cannot yet be made sensible that it hath entered into the world with sin, and is mixed up with all things and substances therein. He sports among the sweet flowers of the field, without observing that they fade and perish in the evening, and that the place thereof knoweth them no more. He revels in the bright summer evening—in the warm autumn sun, without anticipating the approach of winter. He leaps up joyously into the arms of venerable old age, without a glance towards the almost certainty that that grey head must be laid in the dust, ere his own bright ringlets cluster with darker shade over a manly forehead. There is in childhood a holy ignorance—a beautiful credulity—a sort of sanctity that one cannot contemplate without something of the reverential feeling with which one should approach beings of celestial nature. The impress of the Divine nature is, as it were, fresh on the infant spirit—fresh and unsullied by contact with this withering world. One trembles, lest an impure breath should dim the clearness of its bright mirror. And how perpetually must those who are in the habit of contemplating childhood—of studying the characters of little children, feel and repeat to their own hearts, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven!"—Ay, which of us—of the wisest amongst us, may not stoop to receive instruction and rebuke from the character of a little child? Which of us, by comparison with its sublime simplicity, has not reason to blush for the littleness—the insincerity—the worldliness—the degeneracy, of his own? How often has the innocent remark—the artless question—the natural acuteness of a child, called up into older cheeks a blush of accusing consciousness! How often might the prompt, candid, honourable decision of an infant, in some question of right and wrong, shame the hesitating, calculating evasiveness of mature reason!—"Why do you say so, if it is not true?"—"You must not keep that, for it is not yours;"—"If I do this or that, it will make God angry," are remarks I have heard from the lips of "babes and sucklings,"—

the first, in particular, to the no small embarrassment of some who *should* have been *their* teachers. When sick, and wearied in heart and spirit of this world's pomps and vanities—its fatiguing glare—its feverish excitement—its treacherous hollowness—its vapid pleasures, and artificial tastes, how refreshing it is to flee back, in thought and spirit, to that time when, with the most exquisite capability of enjoyment, we were satisfied with the most simple objects of interest! It is wonderful to me how any after scenes can ever efface the impression of those early pleasures. For my own part, I am not ashamed to repeat, that some of the happiest moments of my present existence, are those when some trifling incident calls up former thoughts and feelings, renewing, as it were, within me, the heart of a child. Surely, many there are must feel with me—must enjoy, at times, this renovation of the spirit! *They*—to them alone I address myself—will comprehend the thrilling recollections with which, in my saunter round the garden, I stop to contemplate the little patch of ground, once my exclusive property, where flowers and weeds, vegetables and young forest trees, were crammed in together, with covetous industry, and zeal all improvident of the future. *They* will understand why the fairest flowers of the garden are often discarded from my hand or from my bosom, to make way for a wild rose, a hare-bell, or a field orcas—treasures accessible to me, of which I might at pleasure rifle the meadows and hedges, when the cultured darlings of Flora were forbidden sweets, or sparingly yielded, and carefully picked *for* me—a restriction fatally diminishing, in my eyes, the value of their coveted beauties. *They* will understand (how pleasant it is to feel one's self understood!) why, to this day, my eye watches with tender interest—my ear drinks in with pleased attention, the familiar approach—the abrupt song of the domestic robin, not only because he is the acknowledged friend of man, and a sweet warbler, when the general voice of song has ceased among our groves, but because the time has been, when I looked upon the eloquent-eyed bird with a tender veneration, almost awful, believing, as I believed in my own existence, every syllable of that pathetic story, “The Babes in the Wood;”—how the unnatural Uncle—the false guardian, having decoyed those pretty innocent creatures into the depths of the dark forest, left them without food to perish there, and how they wandered about for many, many days, living on hips, and haws, and wild bramble-berries, (delicious food, *I* thought, if one could have had enough) till at last, growing weak and weary—their feet pricked and bleeding with thorns, and their tender limbs bruised and torn among the bushes, they laid themselves down in each other's arms, at the foot of an old mossy tree,—their little arms about each other's neck—their soft cheeks pressed close together, and so fell asleep, and never awoke again, but lay there, day after day, stiff and cold, two little pale corpses; and how Robin Redbreast, pious Robin Redbreast, hopped about them, and watched them sorrowfully, with his large dark eyes of “human meaning;” and how at last he brought dead leaves in his bill, one by one, and strewed them so thickly as to cover up from sight the faces and forms of the dead children. There *must* be, who have believed as I believed—who have wept as I wept, at the relation of that mournful history. *They* will, perhaps, also remember, as I do, to have

held in their hands the pretty speckled insect, the Lady Bird, and to have addressed to it the half sportive, half serious intimation, "Lady Bird! Lady Bird! fly away home; your house is on fire, your children will burn." But possibly, even *they* will laugh at me for confessing, that I had a sort of mysterious, undefined belief, that there was some real meaning in my metrical warning; and they will laugh yet more incredulously, when I avow that I have often shuddered with superstitious horror, when the nurse-maid, on seeing me pull the small heart-shaped pods of the white chick-weed, has startled me with the vulgar saying,—"Ah! naughty girl, you've plucked your mother's heart out!" Be it as it may, I still, even to this hour, connect with those trivial things—those nursery tales—those senseless sayings, the memory of mental impressions so vivid—so delicious—occasionally so painful, yet secretly and intently dwelt on with a strange kind of infatuation,—especially those feelings of enthusiastic affection for particular individuals, I was too shy to express in all their glowing warmth; and those vague, dreamy, superstitious reveries, and awfully delightful terrors, that always made me court solitude and darkness, though the sound of a falling leaf would, at such times, set my heart beating audibly; and in the absence of light, my very breathing would seem impeded; and I have closed my eyelids, and kept them fast shut for hours, fearing to encounter the sight of some grisly phantom; then opened them, in sudden desperation, and, in the expectation of seeing—I know not what. I still, even to this hour, at sight of many insignificant objects, recal to mind so vividly, what were formerly my feelings, associated with such, that the intermediate space between past and present, seems, in a manner, annihilated, and I forget my present self, in the little happy being whose heart and fancy luxuriated in a world of beauty and happiness, such as the most inspired dream of poet or philosopher has never yet portrayed. The ideal world of a child's imagination is the creation of a far holier spell than hath been ever wrought by the pride of learning, or the inspiration of poetic fancy. Innocence, that thinketh no evil—ignorance, that apprehendeth none—love, that suspecteth no guile—hope, that hath experienced no blight—these are its ministering angels! these wield a wand of power, making this earth a Paradise!—Time, hard, rigid teacher!—Reality, rough, stern reality!—World, cold, heartless world!—that ever your sad experience—your sombre truths—your killing powers—your withering sneers—should scare those gentle spirits from their pure abiding place! And where—with do ye replace them? With caution, that repelleth confidence—with doubt, that repelleth love—with fear, that poisoneth enjoyment—in a word, with knowledge, that fatal fruit, the tasting whereof hath already cost us Paradise—And the tree of knowledge, transplanted to this barren soil, together with its scanty blossoms, doth it not bring forth thorns abundantly? and of the fruits that ripen, (have any yet ripened to perfection?) what hand hath ever plucked unscathed? Blessed be He who hath placed within our reach that other Tree, once guarded by the flaming cherubim, of the fruit whereof, (now no longer forbidden,) whoever hungereth may taste and live.

C.

SINGULARLY CURIOUS MANUSCRIPTS IN THE GRAND LIBRARY OF
LYONS, FRANCE.

NO. I.

Service of the Syriac Church, in the Language of that Country.

THIS curious and remarkable manuscript is in folio, written upon vellum, in double columns; the rubrics and titles being stained of a purple, and the work also adorned with drawings of the same colour, together with others green and yellow, and bearing the representation of an Asiatic cross. At each quire, consisting of 20 pages, is found a kind of catch-word, surrounded by Arabesque, and the character throughout is Syriac, or the ancient Chaldean, named *Séringueli*. It was written in the year 1449, of Alexander the Great, according to Greek calculation, which makes it in the year 1137 of our era. The author was Father Micaël, native of Maharach, and a brother of the monastery of St. Mary Magdalen, at Deiro-Oucams, which signifies the *Black Mountain*. He composed it at the period when John was Patriarch of Antioch, Gabriel Patriarch of Alexandria, and Agnatus Bishop of Maharach.

The volume was discovered under the vaulting of a Syriac place of worship at Aleppo, where it had long served as the original guide for the rites of the Syriac church in Asia; and from it were transcribed other manuscripts, disseminated for the use of the followers of that faith.

On the 22d of December, 1684, the Patriarch Peter, and Dionysius Roscala, Archbishop of the East, presented this curious relic to the Chevalier D'Arvieux, then French consul at Aleppo, who, upon his return to France, stopped at Lyons, where he was so gratified by the reception there experienced, that he gave this literary monument to the Grand Library of the city, as a testimony of his particular affection for the Lyonesse.

The Chevalier D'Arvieux, replete with zeal and with knowledge, had studied the oriental languages, in order to acquire a perfect insight as to the history of all the inhabitants of the East. The great services he had rendered to the Christians in Asia, and 380 French slaves whom he ransomed at Tunis, prompted Pope Innocent XI. to bestow upon him a singular proof of his esteem; wherefore he named him Bishop of Babylon, although no more than a simple Knight of Malta; and, in case he did not think fit to accept this dignity, the Holy Father accorded him permission to confer it upon whomsoever he should think fit. D'Arvieux was consul at Aleppo in 1679, and his Memoirs were published in 1736, by Labat, the work consisting of six vols. 12mo.

NO. II.

The Coran, written in the Turkish Language, in 16mo.

This book, of remote antiquity, and so venerated by the major part of the inhabitants of Asia, is in Turkish Arabian, every page having an embellished border, and containing eleven kinds of text.

The Turkish dialect, formed from the Arabian, has five letters less; the character was fixed by the Vizir Melech, who about the year 933 wrote out the Coran in such a beautiful and correct style of penmanship, that his letters were regarded as types.

Sale, Garnier, Roland, Chardin, Prideaux, D'Herbelot, Tournefort, Marucci, Du-Ryer, and Turpin, have particularly descanted at large upon this Bible of the Mussulmans. It is written in verses, the chain of which is frequently broken, so that at the first inspection it seems to present nothing but a series of laws, or detached moral precepts. Beside a very trivial maxim is found a most sublime image; and near a sterile dogma is a glowing description of human virtues.

The word Coran signifies *the Book of Books*, as the term Misna of the Jews. According to its believers, it was sent from heaven during the night of the 23d or 24th of the month of Ramadan; but the work was not given to the world, and vested with public authority, until the thirtieth year of the Hegira, under the Caliph Omar, second successor of Mahomet. The first transcripts were in the Coptic; but it is not ascertained whether the manuscript now under review is written in those specific characters.

The work consists of 114 chapters, of which the Mahomedan doctors have counted the words and the letters, in order that neither ignorance nor malignity should add or retrench a syllable. The number of words is 77,639: the prose consists of an harmonious and flowing rhyme; the metaphors are luxuriant, but the conciseness of expression frequently renders the sense obscure and mysterious.

Mahomet wrote his work in the Koreisitic dialect, which was the purest of the East. Some coadjutors have been given to this eastern prophet during his composition of the Coran, namely, Hertebé the Arabian, Salman the Persian, Bensalem the Jew, and Sergius the monk, with whom Mahomet was closely allied when he conducted his caravans into Syria. The Caliph Al-Mamun published an edict, which subjected all Mussulmen to believe the Coran eternal; which ordinance produced many dissenters and martyrs, as it uniformly happens when force is resorted to in cases of theological discussions. The devotees for the Alcoran never touch or open it without previous ablution; and in order to give timely notice, to prevent any inadvertency, they take the precaution of writing these words on the first page:—*Do not touch this book with polluted hands*; they are even scrupulous as to carrying it under their girdles, and upon the leaves of this work their oath is administered.

NO. III.

The Roman Pontifical. In folio.

This beautiful manuscript, written upon vellum of snowy whiteness, is ornamented by majuscules and large vignettes, the grounds of which are in burnished gold, the miniatures and letters exquisitely enluminated, and in the most perfect preservation. In these are represented the Bishop preparing to officiate at the mass, in the act of confirmation, conferring the stations of porter, reader, exorcist, acolyte, sub-deacon, deacon, and arch-deacon, transferring the priest to the functions of a Bishop or regular Abbot, investing with the religious garb, laying the first stone of a monastery, dedicating a church, consecrating an altar, the holy table, the salver, the chalice, the holy vessels, the sacerdotal habiliments, and the baptismal font. In other designs he is represented converting a profane spot of ground into a burying-place, consecrating images of the Virgin and the Saints, be-

stowing his benediction upon the water of the temple, upon bells, reliques, the censer, the traveller's staff, the pilgrim's gourd, the house newly erected, the ship on the point of being launched, wells from which water has not been drawn, the ashes intended to remind man of his origin, and the oils used at his last moments, when he is on the point of being separated from all earthly ties. The Bishop is therein further represented applying the crucifix to the warriors' vestments upon the eve of setting out for a crusade to the Holy Land, degrading a culpable priest from his office, washing the feet of the poor, celebrating the Last Supper, presiding at a Synod, performing the visit to his diocese, exhorting the winds and the tempest, solemnly receiving an archbishop, a legate, a pope, a king, together with his consecration of the latter, and crowning a queen, conducting the funeral ceremony of a religious votary, receiving from another his renunciation of the world and his vow of perpetual retirement, and, lastly, carrying the extreme unction and the final religious consolations to the bed of death. This work terminates with *the office of the Virgin*, wherein a series of miniatures display the most remarkable events of the life of the mother of Christ. The character, in various colours, is large, very correct, and perfectly legible, though the work appears to be of the thirteenth century. It formerly belonged to Camille de Neuville-Villeroy, archbishop of Lyons, and is assuredly the most beautiful manuscript specimen that issued from the famous library of that ecclesiastical dignity.

 NO. IV.

Picture of the Three Rhetorics. In 4to.

The text of this singular production is very legible, and encircled by lines; and the author divides his work into *natural* and *artificial* rhetoric, the one appertaining to orators and to the dumb, owing its origin to pantomime; each of these three parts is divided into several chapters, wherein are found examples in prose and in verse, together with devices, epigrams, epitaphs, and instructive morals. The author has dedicated several of these chapters to define the effect of the passions upon our discourse, wherein he has dwelt much upon pity, indignation, rage, shame, audacity, fear, and love; the perusal of the latter, in particular, being very curious. In the third part, which treats of dumb rhetoric, the chapters labour to define the rhetoric of the eyes, of tears, of misery displayed in the look, of beauty and gesticulations in general; and, finally, the rhetoric of money and of wine, which seem to have had a particular influence upon the author's mind. "The rhetoric of wine, (says he,) has all its figures represented in the glasses, its amplifications in banquets, and its common places in public-houses; it greatly tends to inflame the passions. Would you have love? without wine, says the poet, Venus is chilled. Do you seek the aid of friendship? It is only to be found with flaggons, and in the midst of feasting. If rage is required; do not broils ensue at the termination of repasts? Do you covet hilarity? Scripture hath said, 'Wine rejoiceth the heart of man;' while Virgil calls it the distributor of gaiety. Is your research after truth? The Proverb very justly observes, that wine unlocks every secret. Do you wish for dumb rhetoric? Place a man near a full bottle of sparkling wine,

and he is, as it were, beside a red looking-glass, wherein he admires himself, and gleans from that joyful contemplation the majesty of his countenance, the freedom of gesticulation, the diversity of motion, and all the vigour of his intellect." The writer terminates this novel and curious work with the following lines:—

Chacun met dans son goût le prix de chaque livre;
Souvent le propre amour vous entête et enivre:
Mais toute prévention à part,
Si l'on prétend parler en faveur de notre art,
Quelqu'ami, soutiendra qu'en cette rhétorique
Ou y lit des endroits bien exempts de critique.

The author, no doubt, conceived that the rhetoric of money and wine, above all, influenced the taste of the world at large.

NO. V.

Pliny's Natural History. In Latin, folio.

This manuscript, upon beautiful vellum, is remarkable not only from its perfect state of preservation, but on account of the correctness and beauty of the character; it may truly be esteemed a *chef-d'œuvre* of the calligraphic art; the letters being of a round form, and not interrupted by columns, as is usual with manuscripts of this description. The majuscules are enluminated and highly embellished with gold, and the frontispiece, enclosed within a coronet, is decorated in a similar manner, the first page displaying vignettes and a beautiful miniature, delineating stags grazing on the borders of a stream; while upon the broad margins of the manuscript are indicated the subjects of the respective chapters.

Pliny, a native of Verona, acquired the esteem of the Emperor Vespasian; he was intendant in Spain, and was swallowed up in the year 79, during the terrible eruption recorded of Mount Vesuvius, which the philosopher approached too near, in his eagerness to witness that dreadful convulsion of nature. Pliny's *Natural History*, the greatest work of the kind handed down to us from antiquity, was first printed at Rome in 1470.

The manuscript of which we are speaking appears to owe its date to the year 1400; it was purchased by Claude de Rola, a physician of Montbrison, who acquired considerable celebrity in the sixteenth century. In 1782 it became the property of the Library at Lyons, of which it ranks one of the most conspicuous ornaments, and is particularly quoted in the writings of Father Hardouin.

NO. VI.

Prophecies of Father Thelesphorus, Hermit of Cusance. In Latin, folio.

This precious and very curious calligraphic specimen contains the prophecies of the Hermit Thelesphorus upon popes and emperors, the future state of the Holy See, and of the empire, from 1386 until *the end of the world*. The style of the penmanship is gothic, and difficult to decipher; while the titles, initials, and indications of the drawings, are in purple characters. These designs, consisting of forty-five, are coloured, representing the popes, with divers attributes, as well as angels, monks, and devils. The writer styles himself hermit of Cusance,

a village in the ancient province of Franche-Comté, at which spot, after the author's demise, a priory of monks was established.

This work, in 1624, was presented to the library of Lyons by Francis de Chevriers, son of Gabriel de Chevriers, lord of St. Mauris, a knight of St. Louis, and one of the gentlemen of the king's chamber, who was instituted in 1614 one of the judges of the French arms, in which place he was succeeded by the learned Peter Hozier. This Francis de Chevrier, who died in 1641, must not be confounded with another, bearing the same name, who married Claudine de Paranges, and who was eulogised in Latin by Papire Masson.

NO. VII.

The Metamorphosis of Ovid. Folio.

The manuscript at Lyons is esteemed the most ancient translation extant in French of this universally esteemed Latin poet, being written in verses of eight syllables. The volume containing this laborious undertaking is of vellum, comprising 546 pages, beautifully written, and in fine preservation; it is decorated by enluminated majuscules, and vignettes descriptive of the principal metamorphoses. The designs are not very correct, but the selection of the subjects, and the manner in which they are treated, render them peculiarly interesting. With regard to the style of the translator, the following quotation will prove amply illustrative; herein *Jupiter* is made to address himself to *Io*:—

En cestui bois ou en celui,
Se tu me crois t'ombroieras,
Et c'est grant chant eschiveras,
De ruidi se tu nose mie,
Seule entrer en bois, mon amie,
Compagnie je ti porterai,
Et par le boi te conduirai.
Si n'aras pas por conductour
Ou li vilain ou li pastour,
Ains auras riche compagnie
Du Dieu qui a la seigneurie
De tout le monde mestrier,
Je fais tonner et foudroier.

All the books of Ovid are thus translated, being a work of incalculable labour.

The most ancient translations of Ovid in print are, those of Walley, published at Bruges by Celard Ransien in 1484, reprinted at Paris in 1493, folio; mentioned by Maittaire. The *Great Olympus*, printed at Paris in Gothic characters in 1539, octavo. The first and second books were translated by Marot, in lines of ten syllables, which he read to Francis the First, in the Castle of Amboise. Bartholomew Aneau, head of the College of Lyons, added the third book, and caused the whole to be printed in this city by Macé Bonhomme, in 1556, in 12mo. The translation of Francis Habert, of Issoudun, in Berry, appeared at Paris in 1573, which was presented by the author to Henry the Third; that of Christopher Deffrans, of Niort, equally, in verse, appeared in Paris in 1595; in which edition the writer inserted musical notes, in order that his lines might be sung; while Raymond and Massac's edition appeared in 1617, which, though loudly extolled by the writers of the time, is now scarcely known.

In the two succeeding centuries the *Metamorphoses* were translated into prose by Nicholas Renouard, Peter du Ryer, la Barre de Beaumarchais, and Abbé Banier; and in verse by Thomas Corneille, who produced the first four books; by Isaac Benserade, who gave the whole in rondeaus; by the Abbé Marolles, who reduced each fable into four verses; by La Fontaine, who imitated some; and lastly, by M. Saint Auge, who had courage and talent sufficient to issue a complete translation.

The manuscript at Lyons now under review is of 1450 to 1480, and was the property of Octavius Mey, a Lyonese merchant, famous alike for his knowledge, his inventions, and his great fortune, which he placed to an excellent use, by storing a cabinet with medals and the rarest antiques; and it was from this valuable collection that his heir, William Pilata, selected the well-known beautiful shield representing the continence of Scipio, which he gave to Louis the Fourteenth.

FROM THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

THE EARLY FRENCH POETS.

Philippe Desportes.

BOILEAU, in the first canto of his *Art Poétique*, has drawn a slight and rapid sketch of the progress which the French poetry had made before his own time. To Villon he attributes the first improvement on the confusion and grossness of the old romancers. Soon after, Marot succeeded; and under his hands, flourished the ballad, triolet, and mascarade; the rondeau assumed a more regular form, and a new mode of versifying was struck out. Ronsard next embroiled every thing by his ill-directed efforts to reduce the art into order. In the next generation, his muse, who had spoken Greek and Latin in French, saw her high-swelling words and her pedantry fallen into disesteem; and the failure of the boastful bard rendered Desportes and Bertaut more cautious.

Ce poëte orgueilleux trébuché de si haut
Rendit plus retenus Desportes et Bertaut.

Boileau would have done well to temper the severity of this censure on Ronsard, who had more genius than himself. There is, however, some truth in what he has said of Desportes and Bertaut. They are much less bold than their predecessor; nor is it unlikely that the excesses into which he had run might have increased their natural timidity; though it will be seen, that the latter of these two writers, especially, held him in the utmost veneration. They both in a great measure desisted from the attempt made by those who had gone before them, to separate the language of poetry from that of prose, not more by its numbers than by the form and mould of its phrases and words; and although they were not ambitious of that extreme purity and refinement, which Malherbe afterwards affected, and on which his countrymen have since so much prided themselves, yet by their sparing use of the old licenses, they made the transition less difficult than it would otherwise have been.

Of the works of Desportes, printed at Rouen in 1611, a few years after his death, a large proportion consists of sonnets. They amount all together to about four hundred in number, and turn for the most part on the subject of love. The following bears some resemblance to an exquisite song of Mrs. Barbauld's, beginning—

Come here, fond youth, whoe'er thou be,
That boasts to love as well as me.

“ Si c'est aimer que porter bas la veuë,
Que parler bas, que soupîrer souvent,
Que s'égarer solitaire en revant
Brûlé d'un feu qui point ne diminuë,
Si c'est aimer que de peindre en la nuë,
Semer sur l'eau, jeter ses cris au vant,
Chercher la nuit par le soleil levant
Et le soleil quand la nuit est venuë.
Si c'est aimer que de ne s'aimer pas,
Hair sa vie, embrasser son trespas,
Tous les amours sont campés en mon ame.
Mais nonobstant si puisje me louer
Qu'il n'est prison, ni torture, ni flame,
Qui mes desirs me sceust faire avouer.”

Diane, Sonnet xxix. p. 23.

If this be love, to bend on earth the sight,
To speak in whispered sounds, and often sigh,
To wander lonely with an inward eye
Fix'd on the fire that ceaseth day nor night,
To paint on clouds in flitting colours bright,
To sow on waves, and to the winds to cry,
To look for darkness when the light is high,
And when the darkness comes, to look for light:
If this be love, to love oneself no more,
To loathe one's life, and for one's death implore;
Then all the loves do in my bosom dwell.
Yet herein merit for myself I claim,
That neither racks, imprisonment, nor flame,
Avowal of my passion can compel.

The invitation to a weary traveller, in another of his sonnets, is unusually elegant:—

“ Cette fontaine si froide, et son eau doux-coulante
A la couleur d'argent semble parler d'amour;
Un herbage mollet reverdit tout autour,
Et les aunes font ombre à la chaleur brulante:
Le feuillage obéit à zéphir qui l'evante
Soupîrant amoureux en ce plaisant séjour:
Le soleil clair de flamme est au milieu du jour,
Et la terre se fend de l'ardeur violante.
Passant par le travail du long chemin lassé,
Brûlé de la chaleur, et de la soif pressé,
Arrête en cette place où ton bonheur te maine.
L'agréable repos ton corps délassera,
L'ombrage et le vent frais ton ardeur chassera,
Et ta soif se perdra dans l'eau de la fontaine.”

Bergeries, p. 595.

This cool spring, and its waters silver-clean,
In gentle murmurs seem to tell of love;
And all about the grass is soft and green;
And the close alders weave their shade above;
The sidelong branches to each other lean,
And as the west-wind fans them, scarcely move;

The sun is high in mid-day splendour sheen,
 And heat has parch'd the earth and soil'd the grove.
 Stay, traveller, and rest thy limbs awhile,
 Faint with the thirst, and worn with heat and toil;
 Where thy good fortune brings thee, traveller, stay.
 Rest to thy wearied limbs will here be sweet,
 The wind and shade refresh thee from the heat,
 And the cool fountain chase thy thirst away.

The character of ease and sweetness, which he maintains in such verses as these, is often deserted for quaintness and conceit. At times, indeed, he is most extravagant, as in Sonnet lxi, where he tells his mistress that they shall both go to the infernal regions,—she for her rigour, and himself for having foolishly followed his desires; that, provided Minos adjudges them to the same place, all will be well,—her suffering will be exasperated by their being near to each other, and his will be turned into joy by the sight of her charms.

"Car mon ame ravie en l'objet de vos yeux
 Au milieu des enfers établira les cieus,
 De la gloire éternelle abondamment pourveuë :
 Et quand tous les damnez si voudront émouvoir
 Pour empescher ma gloire, ils n'auront le pouvoir
 Pourveu qu'estant là bas je ne perde la veuë."

In another place (*Diane*, L. 2, S. xlviii. p. 137) he has the same thought of their being both condemned, but draws a different conclusion from it.

In the *Chant d'Amour*, (p. 66,) there is a mixture of metaphysics and allegory, such as we sometimes meet in Spenser, and that would not have disgraced that writer.

"La Grace quand tu marche est tousiours au devant,
 La Volupté mignarde en chantant t'environne;
 Et le Soing devorant qui les hommes tallonne,
 Quand il te sent venir s'enfuit comme le vent."

Grace, wheresoe'er thou walkest, still precedes;
 A lively carol, Pleasure round thee leads;
 And Care, the harpy, that makes men his prey,
 Flees at thy coming like the wind away.

In his *Procez contre Amour au Siege de la Raison*, (p. 70,) he introduces himself pleading at the bar of Reason against Love, who refutes the poet's charges with much eloquence.

"Je l'ay fait ennemy du tumulte des villes,
 J'ai repurgé son coeur d'affections serviles,
 Compagnon de ces dieux qui sont parmi les bois,
 J'ai chassé loin de luy l'ardante convoitise,
 L'Orgueil, l'Ambition, l'Envie, et la Feintise,
 Cruels bourreaux de ceux qui font la cour aux rois.

Je luy ay fait dresser et la veuë et les ailes
 Au bien-heureux séjour des choses immortelles,
 Je l'ay tenu captif pour le rendre plus franc."

I made him from the city's crowd retire,
 I cleansed his bosom from each low desire;
 Companion of the sylvan deities;
 I chased the fiend Ambition from his side,

With Guile and Envy, Avarice and Pride,
That rack the courts of kings in cruel wise.

I bade him raise his view and prune his wings
For the blest dwelling of immortal things;
I prisoner held the more to make him free.

The conclusion is equally unexpected and sprightly:—

“Puis nous teusmes tous deux attendant la sentence
De Raison, qui vers nous son regard adressa;
Votre debat dit elle, est de chose si grande,
Que pour le bien juger plus long terme il demande,
Et finis ces propos, en riant nous laissa.”

Then both were silent, waiting the decree
Of Reason, who towards us held her view:
Your subject of debate is such, she cried,
It asks a longer session to decide.
That said, she laugh'd, and suddenly withdrew.

There are a few lines on his mistress Hippolyte, which are a pitch above the usual strain of love-verses.

“Les traits d'une jeune guerriere,
Un porte celeste, une lumiere,
Un esprit de gloire animé,
Hauts discours, divines pensées,
Et mille vertus amassées
Sont les sorciers qui m'ont charmées.”—*Chanson*, p. 174.

Features of a warlike maid,
Such as live in antique story;
A heavenly port; a light display'd;
A spirit warm with love of glory;
High discourses, thoughts divine;
A thousand virtues met in one;
These are the sorceries have won
This prison'd heart of mine.

He expresses a hope that the fame of his mistress will rival that of Laura.

“J'espere avec le tans que sa belle ramée
Pourra par mes escrits jusqu'aux astres monter,
Et que les Florentins cessront de vanter
La dedaigneuse Nimphe en laurier transformée.”

Diverses Amours, Sonnet xi. p. 516.

I trust, in time, her lovely branch will rise,
Rear'd by my numbers, to the starry skies;
And Florence boast no more that scornful maid
She saw transform'd into a laurel shade.

If Petrarch were in any danger of being eclipsed by Desportes, it would be from the veil which he has cast over his lustre in those passages of which he has attempted a translation into French. The reader will see an instance of this inferiority, by comparing the well-known sonnet,

“Solo e pensoso i più deserti campi,”

with Desportes, S. xlv. p. 201.

“A pas lens et tardifs tout seul je me promains.”

He did not wish to conceal the numerous obligations he lay under to the Italian poets; and when a book was written with the design of showing how much the French had taken from them, good-humouredly observed, that if he had been apprized of the author's intention to expose him, he could have contributed largely to swell the size of the volume.

If he has made thus free with the property of others, there are those who in their turn have not scrupled to borrow from him. Some stanzas in an admired ode by Chaulieu, on his native place Fontenai, must have been suggested by the pathetic complaint which Desportes supposes to be uttered by Henry III. at Fontainebleau, where that monarch first saw the light.

Chaulieu.

"Fontenai, lieu délicieux,
Où je vis d'abord la lumière,
Bientôt au bout de ma carrière
Chez toi je joindrai mes aïeux.
Muses, qui dans ce lieu champêtre
Avec soin me fîtes nourrir;
Beaux arbres, qui m'avez vu naître,
Bientôt vous me verrez mourir."

T. 2, p. 145. Paris, 1757.

Desportes.

"Nymphes de ces forêts mes fidèles nourrices,
Tout ainsi qu'en naissant vous me fûtes propices,
Ne m'abandonnez pas
Quand s'achève le cours de ma triste aventure;
Vous fîtes mon berceau, faites ma sépulture,
Et pleurez mon trépas."—P. 673.

Nymphs of the forest, in whose arms I lay
Nurs'd in soft slumbers from my natal day,
Now that my weary way is past,
Desert me not; but as ye favouring smiled,
And weaved a cradle for me when a child,
Oh weep, and weave my bier at last.

The song at the beginning of the *Bergeries* and *Masquerades* is exceedingly sprightly and gracious. I will add another, which, though scarce less animated, is in a graver style.

"Las que nous sommes misérables,
D'estre serves dessous les loix
Des hommes légers et muables
Plus que feuillage des bois.
Les penses des hommes ressemblent
À l'air, aux vents, et aux maisons;
Et aux girouettes qui tremblent
Inconstamment sur les maisons.
Leur amour est ferme et constante
Comme la mer grosse de flots,
Qui bruit, qui court, qui se tourmente
Et jamais n'arreste en repos."

Diverses Amours, Chanson, p. 570.

Alas! how hard a lot have we,
That live the slaves of men's decrees,
As full of vain inconstancy
As are the leaves on forest trees.

The thoughts of men they still resemble
 The air, the winds, the changeful year,
 And the light vane that ever veer
 On our house-tops, and veering tremble.
 Their love no stay or firmness hath,
 No more than billows of the sea,
 That roar, and run, and in their wrath
 Torment themselves continually.

His verses on Marriage, and his Adieu to Poland, prove that he could be at times sarcastic.

At p. 596, we find a sonnet on the *Bergerie* of Remy Belleau; and at p. 631, another on the death of the same poet.

There are commendatory verses on Desportes himself, by the Cardinal du Perron at p. 243, and by Bertaut at p. 306; and in one of the elegies to his memory, at the end of this volume, with the signature, J. de Montreuil, (of whom I find no mention elsewhere,) he is thus described:—

“Il estoit franc, ouvert, bon, liberal, et doux;
 Des Muses le sejour, sa table ouverte a tous
 Chacun jour se boidoit d’une sçavante trope
 Des plus rares esprits, l’eslite de l’Europe.”

Open he was, frank, liberal, and kind;
 And at his table, every Muse combined
 To greet all comers, and each day did sit
 Those throughout Europe famousst for wit.

Philippe Desportes was born at Chartres, in 1546; and died at his Abbey of Bonport, in Normandy, on the 5th of October, 1606. Charles IX. presented him with eight thousand crowns for his poem of Rodomont; and for one of his sonnets, he was remunerated with the Abbey of Tiron. It was a piping time for the Muses. Of the wealth, which thus flowed in upon him, he was as generous as his eulogist has described him. Almost all the contemporary poets were his friends; and those amongst them, who stood in need of his assistance, did not seek it in vain.

Danish Artists at Rome.—Freund, a pupil of Thorvaldson, has modelled a figure of Mercury, full of energy and spirit, and every way worthy of the noble school to which it belongs.

Thorvaldson has nearly completed his colossal figure of Christ, for the new *Fro-kirke* (Notre Dame), at Copenhagen. This statue possesses indescribable majesty: nothing can be conceived more affectingly sublime than the attitude, and the dignified manner in which the Saviour of mankind stretches forth his arms towards the whole human race.

An Artificial Triton.—At Scheveningen, on the 15th. ult. Mr. Andrew Scheerboom made the experiment of riding on his horse, which he had provided with his newly invented apparatus, into the breakers of the sea, which rose to the height of 12 feet; and having advanced 400 yards directly into the water, he returned to the shore, waving his handkerchief, amidst the acclamations of thousands of spectators.